

# THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

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**ART. I.** *Rambles in Italy, in the Years 1816-17; by an American. Baltimore 1818.—*

*Remarks on Antiquities, Arts and Letters, during an Excursion in Italy, in the years 1802-3; by Joseph Forsyth, Esq. from the second London edition.—Boston, 1818.*

*Rome, Naples, and Florence, in 1817; by the Count de Stendhall. London 1818.*

THE historical works of Roscoe have been reprinted and much read in these States;—Shakspeare, whose muse alights so often and fondly beyond the Alps, has, perhaps, more devotees here, than at home;—the Latin Classics are by no means confined to the colleges of the atlantic coast, but form a considerable part of the business of all the great schools with which even the basin of the Mississippi now abounds;—and yet it may be asserted with confidence, that there is no portion of Europe in which Americans in general take less interest than in Italy. The fine arts, of which she continues to enjoy the palm, have hitherto touched them but feebly;—in looking abroad, they have been, as was natural, engrossed by the countries with which their relations of politics and trade were most important; and, in truth, ancient literature and history, though constituents of their education, are rarely so taught and studied with them, as to create a spirit of philosophical investigation, or perpetuate a liberal curiosity.

We have many reasons for wishing the attention of the present generation of our countrymen to be attracted to modern Italy. It would incessantly carry them back to the Roman philosophy and character, the strength, solidity, and elevation of which are so congenial with our institutions;—it would produce a taste and zeal for that branch of the fine arts, architecture—which seems to belong especially, by inheritance and affinity, to a republican people: If it should, according to its natural tendency, the more speedily bring all those arts into favour and activity, we need not say how much would be gained on the score of refinement and reputation.

The Italy of the middle ages,—when liberty had no other temple, and gave her four centuries of sway and glory,—is a most in-

teresting field of instruction for an American citizen. Her republics of that period\* furnish unique examples of the character and part which the merchant and tradesman may sustain in free governments; of the exalted ends to which their pursuits may be rendered subservient. In her lapse into servitude, in her present abjection, she may be still contemplated with profit, and be instrumental in checking that treacherous security to which a nation, so happily situated as the American, must be ever prone.

Altogether, the Italian Peninsula has more magnificent annals, various trophies, and choice gifts, than any other portion of the earth remarkable as the theatre of moral greatness. The destinies of Greece were, indeed, splendid; her achievements prodigious; the creations of her fancy unrivalled: But her history has not the sweep, majesty, variety, and instructiveness of the Roman; it begins, properly, with the establishment of the laws of Lycurgus, and ends with the death of Alexander:—She had no resurrection. Italy fills in some sort all ages, since the formation of the Roman power; she re-appears dispensing light and Christianity, after she had ceased to dispense laws, to the universe; she takes the lead among the nations of the west, and reclaims Europe from barbarism; she establishes a new and mighty influence over mankind, and, in restoring the literature of the ancients, produces one of her own, not unworthy of them, or of being compared with the best of the modern. In her present reprobate state of morals and politics, hers is still the empire of the arts; she cultivates the exact sciences with brilliant success; possesses a vast body of erudition; is strong in numbers and not deficient in wealth; retains her physical advantages, and receives from nature the same rich endowments of mind: She draws to her from every quarter the enlightened and the curious, as much on account of what she is as what she was,† and inspires not a few of them with hopes of her regaining the energies which would soon replace her in the first rank of independent nations.

After what has been said, we scarcely need suggest that it gave us infinite pleasure to see the travels of Eustace and Forsyth re-published and circulated in this country. Eustace envelopes his

\* We do not know any more useful addition that could be made to our stock of books, than a good translation or judicious abridgment of Sismondi's history of those republics. It is to be regretted that none of our public libraries possesses a complete collection of the modern *Latin* poets of Italy, who, as Eustace remarks, restored the pure taste of antiquity. We should have access to the works of all the fine geniuses celebrated in the 16th and 17th chapters of the 3d volume of Roscoe's *Leo 10th*.

† And even since, and now, fair Italy!  
 Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
 Of all art yields, and Nature can decree;  
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?  
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
 More rich than other clime's fertility;  
 Thy wreck a glory.      *Canto IV. Childe Harold.*

readers, if we may so express ourselves, with classical learning, Roman history, and the *beau ideal* of the arts. They cannot escape from him without kindred impressions and emotions of a generous and purifying enthusiasm. If this author is verbose, somewhat oppressive in his descriptions, and too much of a panegyrist, he raises you with him to a lofty pitch of sentiment, and kindles a fruitful admiration of the nobler parts and exploits of the human mind. You cannot follow him long, without being disposed, if you have never visited the scenes which he paints, to exclaim and vow as does the poet Delille after dwelling on the beauties of the *Æneid* and *Georgics*,

Hélas! je n'ai point vu ce séjour enchanté  
Ces beaux lieux où Virgile a tant de fois chanté;  
Mais, j'en jure et Virgile, et ses accords sublimes  
J'irai, de l'Appenin je franchirai les cimes,  
J'irai, plein de son nom, plein de ses vers sacrés  
Les lire aux mêmes lieux qui les ont inspirés.

We could wish not only that our fleets should ride proudly in the Mediterranean, recollecting what Duillius and Lutatius accomplished, but that our youth should frequent in every part, the vast museum of monuments of genius and public virtue, which it washes. It is there\* that they would most deeply imbibe the spirit, and the tastes by which the whole region is doubly immortalized, and through which they might give a like immortality to their own land. Setting out at an age when the principles and habits appertaining to a sound American education should have taken root, and being committed to faithful mentors, they would be inaccessible to the contagion of those degenerate morals and manners which we shall presently notice.

We could wish, too, that on their return home, they would report to the world what they had seen and felt. The ambition of authorship would occasion a better preparation,† and inspire greater eagerness, for observing; and the instruction conveyed in native productions might be expected to work more efficaciously upon the public mind. We should be glad if the course here suggested were pursued by those whom the American government employs to represent it abroad; and this could be easily done so as to consult at the same time the reserve becoming their station, and the

\* *Naturane nobis datum dicam, an errore quodam, ut cum ea loca videamus, in quibus memoriâ dignos viros acceperimus multum esse versatos, magis moveamur, quam si quando eorum ipsorum aut facta audiamus, aut scriptum aliquod legamus?*—Cicero.

† The preliminary discourse of Eustace contains some excellent advice on this head. We would recommend particularly to our youthful countrymen who may be disposed to visit Italy, *Wilcock's Roman Conversations*, a work which is at the same time an excellent moral, classical, and topographical guide. Lalande's 'Voyage d'un François en Italie' in 1765–66, was altogether the best book of travels in that country, before the appearance of 'The Classical Tour' of Eustace. The travels of Millin, Mallet, and Châteauvieux, recently published in Paris, may be consulted with advantage.

advancement of the literary intelligence and repute of their country.

An American liberally educated, and happily gifted, is, perhaps, the only person competent to produce a book on Italy, or any of the primary nations of Europe, which would have, in fact, the merit of novelty in the composition and seasoning. We would not wish him to write ambitiously; or to play the *virtuoso* in elaborate delineations of scenery and monuments on which a host of cognoscenti and artists have already exhausted their sagacity and vocabularies: we would ask him merely to digest from his tablets the impressions, in their original vivacity, which he had received abroad; to state his own peculiar views of institutions, morals, manners, characters and events. If he connected with such an exposition those personal anecdotes of dramatic effect which can never be wanting to an active tourist; statistical details throwing light on the principles of political economy in general, or of useful application to that of his own country, and the embellishments of unaffected, pertinent scholarship, he would, besides furnishing to his countrymen points of view, veins of sentiment, judgments of criticism, and even forms of expression, at once novel, just, and captivating, fix ere long the attention of the readers of Europe, and do more towards establishing a literary reputation for us there, than could be done at present by any effort of the American pen in another department.

The volume of 'Rambles' of the gentleman of Baltimore, of which we shall now proceed to speak particularly, does not fulfil our wishes, nor could we reasonably expect so much from it, on weighing the circumstances ingenuously stated in his preface. He professes to give only a series of loose sketches, and occasional remarks on the political condition of Italy. He does not aspire to the praise of considerable novelty in his matter, or curious refinement in his manner. As we consider the precedent of mere publication as of no little value, we should, on this score alone, heartily thank his friends for having overcome his reluctance to appear, though we had found much more to condemn, and less to applaud in his work.

While we bear at once emphatic testimony to the tone of lofty and amiable feeling which pervades it; to the elegant studies and tastes which it implies; to the classical complexion which it wears in almost every page; to the accuracy and acuteness of many of the political remarks; to the opulence and elevation of the style; we must be permitted to take some exceptions both to the plan and the execution.—In restricting himself to so narrow a field of topics, the author has, we think, done injustice to his means of observation and the resources of his memory. He has incautiously suffered the greater part of his volume to be occupied by descriptions of the monuments of architecture, painting and sculpture, which Eustace and Forsyth, and indeed all their numerous predecessors,

have minutely described and analized. In Europe he will fall under the suspicion of having merely adapted their tissue to his loom, or translated from some *Guida de' Forestieri*, or repeated what he heard from those fluent commentators, the Italian *Ciceroni*. We are ourselves far from believing or meaning to insinuate that any thing of this is the case; but, on the contrary, are disposed to allow him great credit for the interest he has contrived to impart to his representations of objects already so familiar in description. We only complain that they fill an extra space which should have been devoted to the moral phenomena of Italy—such as must have presented themselves to the notice of so intelligent a wanderer even on his passage from city to city, and temple to temple. We would rather that he were more *personal*, and had less the air of writing set-dissertations—that he proceeded more in the true spirit of the communicative traveller, expressed in the lines of Tasso,

*Mi giovera narrar altrui  
Le novita vedute, e dir, io fui.*

We can make due allowance, and have no disrelish, for the intumescence of youthful and classical enthusiasm; but it is too frequent with our author and betrays him, from time to time, into a vague and hyperbolical sentimentality. Under the same influence his diction is too uniformly poetical; his tone too romantic; his digressions too wide. He moralizes and muses in common places which it may be very natural to indulge, but which it would be always much safer to avoid. Some of the faults of manner which we here venture to reprove, are, probably, the result not only of an overflowing sensibility, but of too close a familiarity with the warm visions of the *Corinne*, and the sparkling rhapsodies of Dupaty:—*geminæ pestes* where the aim is to present realities to the understanding.

We wish sincerely that he had studied more, one of the works which we have coupled with his own at the head of this article. Forsyth is not so circumstantial, methodical, comprehensive, elegant or imposing as Eustace; he is, to a certain degree, cold and cynical—a temper of mind which none of us like in a guide through Italy. But he makes amends by the variety of the nutritive information which he compresses into a small compass; the vivacity of his brief descriptions; the acuteness and independence of his criticisms. He is entirely free of ostentation in exercising his discriminating taste and profound learning, of which a sturdy common sense, and a quick moral sense are the inseparable companions. There is a resolute scepticism about him—the offspring of superior knowledge and penetration—which is sometimes distressing from the havoc it makes of the false, but endearing colours and attributes with which antiquarian ingenuity, and poetic fancy had invested certain objects. If we were compelled to choose between his 'Remarks' and the 'Classical Tour,' we should be in-

elined to fix upon the former as the work most suitable, in point of utility, for general circulation. We congratulate our countrymen upon having both within their reach. When the volume of 'Rambles' does not afford us what we may wish to submit to them with respect to Italy, we shall quote from Forsyth, and avail ourselves also, of the 'Rome, Naples, and Florence, in 1817' of the Count de Stendhall. This is, indeed, a flippant and desultory traveller, but he is more acute and entertaining than the Scottish critics would allow him to be. His passion is music, and he pursues it *amore perditissimo*. The actual state and eminent professors of this art in Italy have a large share of his book.

The first section of the 'Rambles' is devoted to the general physical aspect of Italy contrasted with that of North America. The author is at pains to account for what might seem scarcely possible,—the indifference and even dislike with which an American may at first survey the Italian scenery. The following are parts of the glowing picture which he takes occasion to draw of that scenery.

'Every where it exhibits scars of human violence;—every object announces, how long it has been the theatre of man's restless passions:—every thing bears evidence of its complete subjection to his power.'

'The land of Sicily and Calabria, composed as it is for the greater part of lava, wears, at a distance, an appearance of sterility. But this illusion is corrected upon examining more narrowly the properties of the soil, and the rich variety of plants and flowers it spontaneously produces. A drapery more luxuriant would be prejudicial to its beauty; extensive forests would obstruct the view of the outline of the distant mountains, or conceal the surface of a country, gracefully diversified by hills and vallies, and dressed by the hand of cultivation.'

'In this land, where the works of art and human policy are bowed beneath the weight of years, nature is still as youthful as in the golden age, and, as if she delighted to display her creative energy, and her imperishable dominion on the very spot where time has levelled the structures of art; the ruins of palaces and temples are dressed in the choicest offerings of Flora, and the twice blooming rose of Pæstum\* glows with undiminished beauty, in the midst of scenes of decayed magnificence, and smiles on the brow of desolation.'

'The dark luxuriant foliage of the orange, intermixed with the pale verdure of the olive, and the large flowering aloe, which displays its broad leaves upon the summits of the nearest hills, form the principal features of the Sicilian shores, while opposite, Calabria stretches to the foot of the snowy Appenines, its rich fields and vineyards, gay with country houses and villages. Contrasted with these scenes of delicious repose, is the busy city of Messina, its port crowded with Levant ships, and its mixed population diversified with Moorish and Asiatic costumes, collected in groups on the quay, or basking in the sun.'

'I have heard Italians say that the beauty of the Sun and Moon in Italy was alone worth the attractions of all other countries put together. Making due allowance for a portion of national enthusiasm in this re-

\*Biferique rosaria Pæsti.

mark, it is far from being wholly destitute of foundation. Nature has not only moulded the features of Italy with peculiar delicacy and grace, but has taken pains to exhibit her favourite work in the happiest and most alluring lights. Italy derives additional charms from its sun, its moon, and atmosphere. The air of its mountains is blue, and the rays of the sun glowing through a mass of transparent vapour, gild all objects with tints that almost realize the visionary light with which the imagination of Virgil has illuminated the ideal scenery of his Elysium—

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit,  
Purpureo.'

Even while kindling with rapture in the midst of these beauties, his patriotism predominates, and he rests it upon that solid foundation from which we wish never to see it transferred.

‘The young American, under the bright skies of Italy, and encompassed by the dazzling achievements of art, often sickens at the depravity and misery of man, and languishes for his native home. His imagination presents to him, its untrodden wilds,—its waste fertility, as an image of man unsophisticated by artificial society. He contrasts the youthful governments of America, which have grown up unfashioned by the hand of hoary-headed prejudice, with those of Italy, fabricated by despotism and superstition. If America can boast no stately palaces, no monuments of ancient grandeur, she is exempt from the miseries which follow in the train of arbitrary power. If no ancient fortresses, no ruined convents, crown the tops of its hills, or frown upon the summits of its mountains, it is because the peaceful vales beneath have never owned the sway of feudal or monastick tyrants.’

‘Italy, vain of the lustre of her acquired fame, timorous and slothful, in a state of inglorious indolence, contemplates her fading splendour. While America, active and daring, emulous of solid greatness, is vigorously employing all her resources, moral and physical, in the construction of such a fabrick of power and of social refinement, as shall surpass every masterpiece of political skill, that has hitherto existed.’

The second section is taken up with general speculations and opinions, which are, we think, open to contravention. Montesquieu’s theory of the influence of climate which the writer adopts without qualification, has been strenuously combated, and is pretty generally admitted to be too broad. It is hazarding much to assert, as our author does, that, in warm countries the penal *code* ought to be more *sanguinary* than in those situated under colder latitudes. The wisest economists and most practised administrators have doubted whether a sanguinary code was ever expedient in any climate, and whether it did not become every where, in proportion to its severity, the less conducive to the desired end.—The spectacle of the rack was, until very lately, common throughout Italy; capital punishments were exceedingly frequent, and viewed by the people with the same feelings as they witnessed the bull-baitings at the tomb of Augustus.—At no period in the history of that country, had the effusion of human blood any terrors for its inhabitants, or has it served any other purpose

than to gratify their avidity for strong emotions. 'Here' says Forsyth, speaking of the Coliseum, 'sat the conquerors of the world, to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the blood of the gladiators which a few hours sport shed in the imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery, and when glutted with bloodshed the ladies sat down in the wet and streaming avenue to a luxurious supper.'

Our traveller follows out the moral character of the Italians, exemplifying with it—somewhat arbitrarily and fancifully—the diversities produced by climate in the dispositions and productions of the human mind. We are, ourselves, sensible of the operation of this great agent upon the general happiness of human life, and are satisfied that our philanthropists suffer for the most part gratuitously, when they lament over the condition of the lower classes of Southern Europe, compared with that of our independent and well-fed labourers.—They do not bear in mind the quantum of positive enjoyment secured in the one case by the climate and state of society, and the positive suffering and wearisome monotony necessarily undergone in the other. 'Under the resplendent skies and balmy atmosphere of Italy,' says our author, 'bare existence amounts to positive enjoyment, and life glides away in a succession of voluptuous impressions. The rustics of Calabria march to the labours of the field with a musician at their head, and stop occasionally on their way to dance, &c.'—'Here in Naples,' remarks Forsyth, 'even the lowest class enjoy every blessing that can make the animal happy—a delicious climate, high spirits, a facility of satisfying every appetite, a conscience which gives no pain. Here tatters are not misery, for the climate requires little covering; filth is not misery to them who are born to it, and a few fingerings of Maccaroni can wind up the rattling machine for the day.'

The American traveller is anxious to put his readers on their guard against confounding the Italian and French character. His predilection for the former leads him to deduct too much from the opposite scale. If he refers to the mass of the French nation, we cannot concur with him as to the *heartlessness* of their gayety; nor can we admit that "there is no country in which so little moral sensibility exists as in France." The opinion will, we are sure, be immediately rejected by every one who has mixed with the agricultural and provincial population of that country, and with particular circles of her metropolis. If vanity be predominant in the French character, we cannot easily believe that it is without sway in the Italian, looking merely to the excessive fondness for titles, which has prevailed in Italy. Thirty years ago, says Sismondi,\* you could not write to your shoemaker without addressing him very illustrious, (molto illustre) and there was no small

\* *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du moyen age.* Vol. xvi. Paris, 1818.

gentleman, no little officer of militia, who was not mortally offended if you styled him, by mistake, *very celebrated and excellent*; (chiarissimo e excellentissimo) when he claimed “*the most illustrious*,” (l’illistrissimo.) No people are more addicted than the Italians to personal finery and the affectation of expense, or more in the habit of trenching upon private comforts to make a figure in public.

Our countryman is in an error if he supposes that a headlong impetuosity of spirit, fierce and unbridled passions, are favourable to ingenuousness of character in the true sense. This precious trait can be habitual only with temperate and retiring natures. The dissimulation, perfidy, caprice, deliberate vindictiveness—all directly opposite features—which are charged upon the southern nations of Europe, have a close connexion with the complexionial vehemence of their passions. We must confess that we should prefer, with a view to dignity as well as morality, a system of society even repressive of “*the more exalted virtues*,” to one giving unbounded license to the gratification and exhibition of the worst propensities. If, as our author will have it, love is in France, a cold, calculating sentiment, the creature of social convenience, we cannot help viewing it still, with more favour than the same passion, in the shapes which he assigns to it in Italy—“*a devouring flame that bursts from the restraints of decency;—a tremendous divinity stained with human gore, &c.*” He certainly does not exaggerate in this description; nor does Forsyth in the following passage which we extract from his account of Naples, in order to put France upon a higher vantage ground in the comparison. “*That secret devotion of the heart, that exclusion of mankind, that pure, incorporeal tenderness, which enters into the composition of love in our climates, all pass for mere fables in a society like this, where every object is referred to direct pleasure, and where quantity of pleasure becomes a matter of calculation. Here gallantry enjoys all the privileges that a rake can desire. Even neighbourhoods convey rights of this kind. I have seen ladies gesticulating love up and down the streets, to the gentlemen residing within a certain distance from their windows, and new settlers, if handsome, are soon admitted to the benefit.*”

Our American traveller observes, that “*the abandon de soi meme*, the forgetfulness of one’s self, which is so often met with in Italy, is a stranger to the higher circles of France, and that, hence, the Italians have been accused of a want of shame.” The quotation which he makes from Dupaty in illustration, is certainly not happy. If there be no scandal attached in Italy to the dancing of the priests with the young girls, no particular modes of dress, no *bienseance* to distinguish and separate the sexes, classes and ages, it is a state of things which few at a distance will admire. We have never known the higher circles of France taxed, before, with prudery, and had always thought that they were justly chargeable with the re-

verse, both under the old and new *regime*.\* Yet they do not carry the *easy* and *natural* quite so far as it is pushed in Italy, as the following extract from Forsyth's account of Florentine manners will testify.

" An Englishman arriving here fresh from the delicacies of decorum which he left at home, will be apt to stare on his first introduction to the ladies. In England, the reserves of education, and perhaps, a certain cleanliness of thinking, tend to throw an elegant drapery over the female mind; but here it appears in all the nakedness of honest nature. Indeed, the female character is, in every country, half the work of men, and where gentlemen require no delicacy in the sex, ladies of course affect none. The fair Florentines still persist in habits which have been long banished from English society. You will see very elegant women take snuff, spit on the floor, blow their resounding noses in dirty handkerchiefs, clap gentlemen on the thigh, keep conversation continually fluttering on the brink of obscurity and often pass the line. The awful region of the anatomical preparations, which should be sacred to men of science, is open to all. The very apartment where the gravid uterus and its processes lie unveiled, is a favourite lounge of the ladies, who criticize aloud all the mysteries of the sex. *Cecisbeism*, though perhaps as general, is not so formally legalized here as at Naples, where the right of keeping a gallant is often secured by the marriage contract. Yet here no lady can appear in fashionable company or before God without such an attendant. She leaves her husband and children at home, while her professed adulterer conducts her to church, as if purposely to boast before heaven the violation of its own laws. This connexion is generally ludicrous, where it is not wicked. The *cecisbeo* seems vain of the servilities which his mistress studies to impose on him. I once saw a lady bid her Signor Cavaliere stir up her fire. ' *Attizzate il mio fuoco.*' At the word of command, he put his hand under her petticoat, removed the chafing-dish; stirred the coals with a small silver shovel which he kept in his pocket, replaced the pan and re-adjusted her dress. Let no man tell me that Italian manners should not be tried by English laws. Virtue is of no country. Infidelity is every where vice; nor will its frequency excuse individuals, for individuals have made it universal."

This is sound doctrine, and we would say in like manner that delicacy in civilized life is of no country: it is something positive; it can be relative only in a slight degree. We may be squeamish and old-fashioned, but we hardly conceive, in regard to female manners, when it can deserve the epithet *false*. It is, for women of the higher ranks particularly, a real ornament and a necessary

\* On this point we would refer, for the old *régime*, to the correspondence of De Grimm, and the Memoirs of Madame D'Epinay;—and for the new, to the experience of all who have lived in Paris since the beginning of the revolution.

defence. In truth, the settled respects—the peculiar observances in appearance and demeanor, which distinguish sex, age and condition—the command, not forgetfulness of one's self—the comprehensive decorum, which prevail in the social systems opposed to the Italian, are more or less essential to virtue and social order. They are to them what certain political forms are to liberty; and we no more expect to see a permanently moral and respectable community without such accessories, than a permanently free one without checks and balances.

Our countryman does not, we believe, mean to condemn 'the exterior decencies;' but he might be misunderstood when he discourses slightly of artificial restraints. The Count de Stendhall corroborates in 1817 all that Forsyth relates; but he speaks of the Italian *abandon* and the opposite order of things, quite in the spirit of a Parisian moralist, liberalized by southern travel. It is instructive to listen to him.

"At Milan they laugh and joke with the most perfect tone of *bonhommie*; at Venice, every thing is gayety and lightness of heart. The son of the Doge is no less gay than the gondolier; his amours are no less public. Any one in giving news of another, never fails to mention the lady whom he *serves*.—When a party is mentioned, which took place, perhaps ten years ago, to Fuzina or elsewhere, the speakers never fail, even in the presence of the husband, to commemorate that the *Pepina* was there served by such an one, that it was at the time when Marietta was jealous of Priuli. At Venice and at Boston, the gayety and happiness are in the inverse ratio to the goodness of the government."\*\*\*

"The prudery of the women at Geneva is incredible and truly ridiculous. Nothing can be more curious than to see how the face is drawn up, if, by chance, an observation is introduced, coming spontaneously from the heart and perfectly natural. I found that I had been guilty of a breach of their decorum, when I spoke of love abstracted from marriage. The women are handsome, though this incredible prudery is to be traced even in the expression of their countenances. I readily believe the numerous virtues ascribed to Geneva; it is the town of all others in Europe, in which I am fully convinced there are the fewest husbands deceived; but, nevertheless, I would not, for all the gold in the city, take a wife from it. In spite of my horror, at the state of morals in Naples, I prefer it to Geneva; it is, at least, more natural. *Indecency* is only a relative term. What is only *amiable* at Paris, is *indecent* at Geneva; this depends entirely on habit."

The Count informs us also that you might pillage all the sentiment possessed by all the ladies of Paris and London, yet not form such a character as a young Italian woman of the heroical order: and that the sensibility that reigns in Italy seems an absolute absurdity to the inhabitants of the North. God preserve us from such a race of heroines, and from the natural manners with which that sensibility

so incomprehensible to northern dullness, is appropriately accompanied! Whoever wishes to understand it, as it rages in the men of Italy, should peruse the life of Alfieri, her great dramatic poet, written by himself. We know not that we were more ashamed of human nature in reading the confessions of Rousseau, than the tale of the extravagancies of the other madman; and to neither can we consent to extend any indulgence, let their genius and their works, (to the merits of which we are no strangers,) be as admirable as they may.

Nothing, we should think, can be more evidently just than the accusation of a want of shame preferred against the Italians. It is the necessary correlative of the absence of an overruling public opinion, and betrays itself in many particulars besides those which we have noticed. Of the Neapolitans, Forsyth says, "they are, perhaps, the only people on earth that do not pretend to virtue. On their own stage they suffer the Neapolitan of the drama to be always a rogue.\* If detected in theft, a *lazzarone* will ask you with impudent surprise, how you could possibly expect a poor man to be an angel." Numerous instances to the same effect could be quoted from this author with respect to the other parts of the Peninsula, Florence particularly. The following anecdote from de Stendhal, is also in point. "The driver of my sedia from Parma, entertained me on our route by relating without the least shame, that he got the twenty-seven Napoleons with which he purchased the carriage and horse, by the *trade of a robber*. We passed three spots where he told me with the utmost simplicity, as if there was no harm in the thing, that he had stopped travellers."

We are informed by the American traveller himself, and he is vouched by others, that the peasantry of the ecclesiastical states, not unfrequently mix with troops of banditti, and after a season resume the character and occupations of peaceful villagers. "Assassination," says Sismondi, "is, indeed, no longer imposed by public opinion, as a duty in the case of an affront, but it is not a disgrace. It is an idea with which every one is incessantly familiar; and which all view more in the light of a misfortune than of a crime." What the same writer calls the redoubtable science of poisons—*la redoutable science des poisons*—is still openly professed.

Under all circumstances then, and admitting even that the licentiousness of the *Parisian* society is, though more disguised, as profound as that of Italy; yet we cannot comprehend how our countryman could assert it as a proposition not to be denied, that the *nations*, the Italian and French, are equally advanced in corruption. Some doubt on this point may be produced, by the quotations which we have already made, and more will grow out of

\* This trait is not altogether peculiar to the Neapolitans. The Scotch, very different in character, not only bear, but are delighted, with Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant, on the stage of Edinburgh.

those which we propose to make in the sequel. But there are general features in the social and political institutions of Italy, which would conduct us, *a priori*, to the conclusion of her being in a much "lower deep" of depravity than France. We shall notice only two as the most obvious. The first is *cecisbeism*, of which Forsyth has given our readers a faint idea,—a monstrous bigamy, not merely tolerated, but honoured and caressed, throughout the whole Peninsula. Gallantry may be common in France, out of Paris; but it wears no form there which can be compared with this fashionable one of Italy, as a source of immorality, and domestic misery, and general degradation. Sismondi, who is perhaps, more deeply versed than any man living in the history and concerns of Italy, describes *cecisbeism* as one of the great public calamities which she has to deplore; as being, for her, the principal memento of the seventeenth century in which it took its rise; as the most universal cause of the private sufferings of all her families; as the main instrument of the enervation of her genius and the prostration of her national spirit. He admits that libertinism and adulterous intrigue were by no means unknown in the time of the republics; but denies that common disorders of this kind could exert the same pernicious influence over the general morals and national character. "It was not because some women had lovers, but because no woman could appear in public without her lover, that the Italians ceased to be men."\*

Another fatal innovation of the seventeenth century, was the establishment of a rigid law of primogeniture and entail, by which the younger sons and daughters of the higher classes were cut off from any share in the parental estate. The younger sons had assured to them, only the *piatto*, or subsistence at the family table.† Poverty and pride condemned them to idleness and celibacy, and there was thus created a host of parasites whom the want of occupation, and the sense of debasement almost forced into habitual dissoluteness. As a sort of compensation to this pestilent class, and in order to amuse the leisure of a new nobility and body of courtiers, as well as to facilitate the complete subjection of the nation to their yoke, the foreigners who had erected their dominion over her, devised, according to Sismondi, "the absurd rights and duties of *cavalieri serventi*."

We must not overlook the circumstance that this scourge, *cecisbeism*, had for its elements, two maxims adopted as laws by the *beau-monde*; that no woman could, with propriety, appear alone in public; that no husband could, without ridicule, attend on his wife.

\* *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen age.* Vol. 16. c cxxiv.

† Forsyth says, speaking of the neighbourhood of Sienna, 'the villages are necessarily large to accommodate the swarm of bachelors which must result from the system established among the nobility. In general the uncles and brothers of the heir, inherit, as their patrimony, a right to board and lodge in every house belonging to the family.'

These axioms of Italian fashion are not unknown to the *haut-ton* of other countries; and it cannot fail to be perceived that conjugal infidelity and wretchedness are every where in proportion to their influence. They soon descended, with their fell brood of ills, upon the bulk of the Italian people; and if they have not found favour with the mass of the French and English, after having gained ground among the beau-monde of those nations, it is from peculiar causes which it is not material for us to explain.

The author of the "Rambles" landed in the winter at Trieste, "the richest city of Italian Illyria, and now the most promising and flourishing port in the emperor of Germany's dominions." He describes thus its general appearance and character:

' Daylight showed us the city of Trieste, with its country houses rising one above another on the sides of the neighbouring hills. Every object wore the melancholy livery of winter. On our left rose the Alps of Tyrol—their peaks glowing with purple stains of light, were mingled with the rich colouring of the clouds, that rested upon them. The snow upon the hills,—the leafless vineyards that covered their sides,—the smoke hovering over the city,—its buildings, constructed with a view to comfort more than to beauty, conveying an idea of the honesty, plainness, and solidity of the German, rather than of the pleasures and elegance of the graceful and ardent Italian.'

' The *Bora* is the rudest of all the Alpine blasts, that infest the Adriatick. Collecting in its passage over regions of snow their icy particles, it sweeps down upon Trieste with the fury of a levanter. It does not blow uniformly and steadily, but in *puffs*, which shake to their foundations the most solid edifices. Ships are, however, in danger of being driven by it from their stations, and carried to sea with inconceivable velocity. But in summer, when the Adriatick is resigned to the dominion of the zephyrs, its tranquil surface throws an air of softness and repose over the landscapes on its shores, which then become the resort of gayety and pleasure. The *promenade* called *St. Andrea*, made by the French government, extends from the city along the edge of a breezy precipice. Here parties assemble to enjoy the beauty of the prospect and the freshness from the water. Greeks and Albanians are seen carelessly lying on the very brink of the precipice, or reclining on beds of flowers watching some arrival from their native country.'

' The manners of Trieste and those of the Italian cities, do not essentially differ. Its annexation, indeed, to Austria, should its present political relations prove permanent, may in the course of time, lead to the introduction generally of German manners and German opinions; but in all other respects at present, Trieste is an Italian city. Like all the other ports of the Adriatick, it contains a very mixed population, and displays a great variety of costumes. This intermixture of Asiatics, Africans and Europeans, is not unpleasing to a mind, conversant with the Romances of the East, to which this infusion of foreign dresses and manners suggests pictures that have amused the fancy of childhood. Commerce has here brought together the sun-burnt Saracen, and the

fair complexioned sons of the north. It is not unusual to see a rich Constantinopolitan merchant attented by a black page, attired in cashmere and muslin, mixing with the cheerful concourse, which in the evening crowd the haunts of fashion.'

He is particular in his account of the opera and the carnival of this motley city. He remarks, and justly, in speaking of the opera, that the highest degree of perfection attainable in the art of pantomime may be looked for among the Italians, who appear to possess beyond any other people, the requisites for it; muscular flexibility of countenance, vivacity of imagination, and a forcible and impassioned style of gesture. Hence the Italians are without rivals in buffoonery, which Forsyth pronounces to be one of the principal appetites of the nation. Of the masquerades of the carnival, our countryman speaks in a spirit and language which have our hearty approbation.

' The hour of assembling is midnight; and the opera house, the temple of those impure rites and nocturnal mysteries, which "the bitter day would quake to look on." The mask is no sooner put on, than the veil of modesty is laid aside. Women and men abandoning themselves to the intoxication of pleasure, appear to be ready to engage in unexampled feats of libertinism. An impure fire that is contagious, appears to infect the very atmosphere of the room, and to cheat the senses with illusions. The endearing expressions of *cara* and *bella mascherina*, pronounced in a soft *falsetto* note, vibrate sweetly upon the ear. The understanding is subjugated by the power of music, and the voluptuous dances of the *waltz* and the *manfrino*, exalt the spirits to that giddy height, which accomplishes the destruction of many a fair Belinda, although encompassed with all her ærial guards.'

' The influence of *masquerades* upon the moral and social habits of a people, is of sufficient importance to point it out, as an object of solicitude, to every government, but more especially to those with whose political and moral institutions, the principles of liberty are interwoven. Even under monarchies, where, perhaps, the practice cannot be eradicated, its noxious luxuriance may, and ought to be repressed. It would be entirely subversive of the morals of a republic, and if introduced into America, would infallibly banish those virtues which in point of manly morals and social comforts, justly entitle this country to the foremost rank among nations.'

' The profligate manners of the higher and lower orders in the great cities of Italy, no doubt spring from this source, as well as from its voluptuous climate, and the want of objects to call into activity the moral and intellectual energies of the nation. The brilliant carnival of Venice accelerated the fall of that republic. The Venetian nobility, whose policy it was to debase the minds of the people, by offering to their love of pleasure its appropriate nourishment, withdrew their passions from higher objects, and unfitted them for exercising a control over the higher classes.'

We cannot follow our traveller in his investigation of the comparative operation and popularity of the French and Austrian do-

minion over Trieste and the Illyrians. He makes several interesting and striking observations; of the justness of some of which, we are not, however, perfectly satisfied. It would seem from his statement, that the Austrian government is far from being popular in the Adriatic, though not quite so actively oppressive as the French had been. Buonaparte emptied the pockets and paralized the commerce of the Triestens; but he amused them with festivals and illuminations; swept away their beggars; suppressed some antiquated abuses, and constructed public works of ornament and utility. The Austrian monarch has more of the character of King Log; he does not devour, but then he does not move. He will not divert the interior trade from the ports of the Elbe to those of the Adriatic; he has left the police in all its despotic vigour, and his financiers and tax-gatherers are not in the least abstemious. What with their exactions, a depreciated paper currency, the failure of considerable manufactories, the inertness of the Austrian cabinet—the commerce of Trieste and Fiume languishes, that of Venice is threatened with total ruin, and misery and discontent overspread generally the Austrian diminions situated around the head of the Adriatic. Our traveller cannot believe, judging from what he learned and witnessed there, that even the German provinces of the empire are in as flourishing a condition as they might be.

We think,—without being admirers of the structure and spirit of the Austrian government,—that he has allowed himself, both at Trieste and Venice, to see, with respect to its administration, only the dark side of the picture. The prior condition of the Adriatic territories, the character of the inhabitants, their municipal institutions, should be well considered and understood, before censure is hazarded for tardiness in great reforms, or the continuance of abuses even of apparently easy correction. If we might find an opinion upon the reports of late travellers, and the ample, authentic work of *Marcel de Serres*, entitled, Statistical and Geographical Essay upon the Empire of Austria, we should be inclined to believe that her German provinces, though not at their maximum of prosperity and happiness, are administered in a way well adapted to the genius of their population and the development of their resources. The Emperor Francis has credit with the world, for an anxious attention to the commercial prosperity of his Adriatic ports; and our traveller ascribes to him the best intentions; marred, however, as he alleges, by too pliable a temper. We can conceive that there may be inherent difficulties in the alleviation and renovation of his Italian dominions, and suspend our judgment, therefore, as to the irresolution of his counsels.

The introduction of any foreign dominion into Italy, is greatly to be deplored:—the spirit of ambition which prompted, and of tyranny which accompanied it, is to be for ever detested. But as she was destined to become a prey to her rapacious neighbours,

it was fortunate for her that a considerable share of her territory fell to Austria. The Austrian rule was not only much less mischievous and unjust than the Spanish or French, but in several respects highly beneficent, considering the helplessness and comparative ignorance into which the Italians themselves had sunk. It is to the Spaniards that they may ascribe their worst vices and heaviest misfortunes. No one is ignorant how much the house of Lorraine accomplished for Lombardy, and how much Tuscany owes to Leopold,—more, says Sismondi, than any state of Italy to any sovereign, foreign or domestic. As to Venice, whose condition in the hands of Austria, our traveller so bitterly laments, and so deeply shadows,\* it was France that extinguished her independence, and sacrificed her to Austria. The French either plundered or destroyed the stores and shipping and defaced the edifices of the Arsenal; exhausted her resources and despoiled her of her trophies of arms and arts.†

Our American traveller offers the following as the general result of his inspection and inquiries.

‘The state of the public mind in this quarter of Europe, as it fell under his observation in the years eighteen hundred and sixteen and eighteen hundred and seventeen, indicated a temper by no means favourable to a state of lasting repose; and causes were continually occurring still more to exasperate and inflame it. The impetuous and fiery disposition of the Italians; urging them at every opportunity to express their contempt for the Austrians, whom they consider a dull and spiritless nation, without the heart to conceive, or the hand to execute any daring or generous enterprise of policy or ambition. The Austrians, on the other hand, regarding the Italians as a degenerate race, long habituated to the yoke of a foreign power, always cherishing the idea of emancipation, but never ripe for action, and in whom the spirit of liberty evaporates in vain boast and menaces.’

We pass over the many engaging pages which he has devoted to the Italian theatre and music, and to the works of the eminent dramatic writers, Metastasio, Goldoni, and Alfieri. It was exceedingly difficult to say any thing new on these hackneyed subjects, and it is a great deal to have invested them with any degree of fresh attraction. We pass over, too, in order to arrive with him the sooner at Venice, the rich description and sound philosophy with which he fills the remainder of his second section.—He presents the queen of the Adriatic to his readers with much felicity and truth of detail.

\* Lord Byron has turned her decline to good account in his fine poem—  
‘empty halls

Thin streets and foreign aspects, such as must  
Too oft remind her who and what enthralled,  
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.’

*Canto 4th, Childe Harold.*

The poet's illustrator, Mr. Hobhouse, has furnished in one of his notes an easy clue to the disaffection of the Venetians. ‘To those who wish to recover their independence, any masters must be an object of detestation.’

† See on this head, Eustace, page 74, vol. i.

‘ I embarked for Venice in the month of May. The rocky coast of Istria, clothed with spring, presented a variety of cultivated and savage prospects. Gardens and country-houses climbing up the sides of the neighbouring hills, and intermixed with vineyards, and *boschetti*, afforded a pleasing contrast to the rocky scenery, with which they were interspersed.

‘ A light breeze wafted us across the Adriatick. In the course of our voyage, we gazed with wonder upon the neighbouring Alps, which rose from the margin of the sea, and showed themselves in their grandest forms. But our attention was soon attracted by another object no less marvellous and striking; for Venice began to appear with all her towers, domes and palaces, floating upon the waves, over which she still seemed to reign undisputed mistress; but when we entered her deserted harbour, the evidences of ruined grandeur, reminded us that the trident she once triumphantly wielded, was fallen from her grasp.

‘ We landed upon the quay of St. Mark, among its mountebanks and *marionettes*. Groups of women and children, stood laughing at the comic feats of *Polichinello*. The idle *gondolieri*, basking in the sun, called out to us as we passed, or disputed among themselves with all the caustic wit and vehemence of gesticulation, characteristic of Venetian vivacity. A sort of *improvvisor*, stood in the midst of a circle, with the impassioned gestures of an orator, recounting anecdotes of Joseph the second, and episodes and adventures from Tasso and Ariosto, to which he gave a colouring and imagery of his own. The Venetian florists displayed the fairest offerings of the spring upon the quay. Orange trees and myrtles perfumed the air, and near the shade of these, the bird-fancier hung his cages of goldfinches and nightingales. Glasses and jars filled with water, were disposed upon neat tables, and intermixed with perfumes and cordials, and “*chi vuol acqua*,” was vociferated from twenty places at the same time, with importunate vehemence. Persons of the lowest condition were to be seen frequently approaching these tables, and purchasing a glass of water, for which they paid a *centesimo*. In St. Mark’s square, near the arcades, were erected beautiful tents, as a shelter from the rays of the sun under which a people were assembled, whose countenances were marked with no indications of laborious thought, but who appeared to be enjoying in these seats of delicious repose, those vague illusions of the fancy, which the soft climate of the South, and the thousand amusing objects around, were calculated to inspire.’

So many magnificent objects, so many admirable monuments of the arts, as this amphibious city contains, so many glorious recollections, and awful reflections as its history awakens, open a vast field for an ambitious writer. Our countryman expatiates at large, and indulges, we think too freely, his propensity for description. We shall not accompany him through the noble churches with which he was surrounded, nor among the master-pieces of the pencil and chissel, with which her fairy palaces abound; but attend to her actual moral world and altered fortunes. The following passages are culled at random:

‘ The intoxication of sensual delight, appears to have transformed human life at Venice, into something little better than the vision of a waking dream. Yet this life, the surface of which appears so unruffled,

is subject to the most violent and tumultuous agitations. The character of this people exhibits a strange mixture of libertinism and superstition, of energy and imbecility. Although their mode of life affords a complete exemplification of the doctrines of epicurism, the apprehension of death overpowers them with an insupportable horror. They are terrified at the slightest indisposition, which they are apt to interpret as a summons to the grave.'

'From what you see of the Venetians in their favourite *rendezvous* of pleasure, you would suppose them the happiest people in the world; but follow them to their homes and the scene is entirely reversed. A wretched half furnished apartment, the windows of which look upon the sullen waters of a lonely canal, whose solitude is interrupted only by the occasional appearance of a black gondola, is often the abode of some ruined family, once high in the ranks of nobility.'

'In contemplating the fall of a city once so illustrious, we are naturally filled with compassion, and we eagerly inquire if there are no means left, by which she may yet be rescued from complete destruction? To hear the Venetians talk, you would suppose their desires had no object, but the salvation of their country. Their imaginations are kept in a state of continual inflammation by the vision of the past, of which they are perpetually reminded, by what remains, or by what has vanished of their former glory. But that elevation of soul, which despises pleasure, which unites labour with zeal, and which reaches its object by the dint of regular and patient efforts, is a quality of mind to be found I fear at Venice only among a very few. The Venetians, however, are a lively and passionate people, and the occasional flashes of eloquence and enthusiasm which irradiate their conversation, encourage a hope that under the auspices of a liberal and active government, they might recover those energies which have for so long a time lain dormant, and which are not likely to be awakened in the stagnant gloom of Austrian despotism.'

'In a city so rich in genuine specimens of the arts, we might expect to find a proportionable degree of zeal and industry evinced in their cultivation. Yet notwithstanding the multitude of objects which Venice contains, to stimulate the genius and to cultivate the taste of the artist, painting and sculpture maintain here only a feeble and languid existence.'

'Music appears still to be the delight and solace of the Venetians. If we except the opera of *St. Carlo* at Naples, and that of *La Scala* at Milan, there is no part of Italy where this public amusement is more brilliant than at Venice.'

'As there exists at Venice no Hyde Park, no *Champs Elisées*, even no streets, there can of course be no room for the display of brilliant equipages, no field for the adventurous exploits of the charioteer and the equestrian. But the *elegantes* of fashion, dressed like *gondolieri*, with rose-coloured sashes, display their skill in managing the gondola before a numerous concourse of all ranks of people on the quay. The grace and address with which they propel the gondola through the water, and the suddenness with which they stop it in its full career, are regarded with admiration by crowds of spectators.'

'In sailing down the canal, which is beset by the celebrated *Rialto*, the traveller beholds on each hand those sumptuous palaces, where the Venetian nobles sunk in the lap of pleasure, forgot their

country and themselves. On entering these scenes of patrician grandeur, halls hung round with faded tapestry,—defaced pictures,—hangings of splendid damask—gilded chairs and sofas, mutilated and enveloped in dust and cobwebs, attest the former splendour and opulence of a family now perhaps extinct, or forced to perform the inglorious office of parasites at the board of some plebeian lord. Their superb vestibules and staircases polluted with filth, and exhaling the most offensive odours, are the more remarkable, as the visitor contrasts them in imagination with the voluptuous and delicate race of beings who formerly inhabited them; who once reposed here in all the languours of luxury.'

‘Wretches, with famine in their look, are now seen soliciting charity among the gay circles of St. Mark. Its carnival, which formerly drew crowds from different parts of Europe, has lost its attractive brilliancy, and the *Bucentaur*,\* despoiled of its decorations, lies rotting in the arsenal.’

The number of indigent persons in Venice, calling themselves noble, is noticed by almost every traveller. I have been repeatedly stopped by genteel looking persons in the place of St. Mark, calling themselves *poveri nobili*, who received with thankfulness the most trifling gratuity. In passing through the streets and public squares, my attention has been frequently arrested by decent females, their faces concealed by a veil, and kneeling for hours together. All these, as my guide informed me, were *povere-nobile veneziane*.’

The picture of mendicity contained in the two last paragraphs, is not, we are sure, in any degree overcharged. Rome is even more cursed in this respect, as the following striking passages from Forsyth will show.—‘Every beggar is distinguished by his own attitude, tone and variety of the pathetic, while altogether they present a strange climax of wretchedness.

‘In the morning comes a Marchesa to your lodgings, recounts the misfortunes of her noble house, its rank, its loyalty, its disasters, its fall, and then relieves “your most illustrious excellency” from embarrassment by begging one or two pauls. An old Abate steals on your evening walk, and twitching you with affected secrecy, whispers that he is starving. On the dirty pavement you see Poveri Vergognosi kneeling silently in masks. In the coffee houses stand a more unfortunate class who watch the waiters’ motions to dart on your change. In the courts of palaces you meet wretches gnawing the raw roots gleaned from the dunghill, and at night you will sometimes find a poor boy sleeping close to his dog for mutual warmth.’

The Austrian government extends, according to our countryman, no encouragement to the trade of Venice, and has wholly neglected the labours necessary for her harbour and famous mole. This once mighty emporium of commerce and manufactures does not now, he adds, reckon more than three or four respectable mercantile houses. Forsyth furnishes some analogous particulars as to Florence.

\* The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord,  
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored.

‘ You discover here, on the very surface of things, how greatly commerce has degenerated in a country which gave it birth, and language and laws. The counting houses are in general dirty, dark, mean vaults; the ledgers stitched rather than bound, and covered with packing paper. All commodities are weighed by the old steelyard: the only balance that I observed here was held by the statue of Justice. In trades no regular apprenticeships are requisite; nor are the usual appropriations of sex observed. In the same street, I have seen men sewing curtains, and women employed at the loom and the awl.

‘ The Italian shopkeeper only calculates downwards: His sole object is to cheat his customers. He does not remount to the first sources that supply his shop; he abandons the general state of his own line to his merchant.’

In consequence of the closeness with which Venice is built, its narrow lanes and canals are rarely visited by sunshine. A moisture which is never exhaled renders the streets continually filthy, and creates along the surface of its canals a sensation of dampness. In stating these circumstances, our traveller admits, that fatigued by the dreary and lonely vistas of the canals, the stranger at length becomes impatient to enjoy a prospect more expanded, and breathe a purer atmosphere. Milford, who was there in 1815, declares, that such was the sombre, melancholy air of the exterior of the city, that he was glad to quit it after a few weeks. I acknowledge, says Forsyth, its aquatic advantages, and the cheap convenience of its gondolas; yet with eight theatres and a proportionate quantity of private amusement, with large libraries and well stocked markets, Venice is the last residence I should choose in Italy.

The most startling memento of the departed greatness of Venice is her Arsenal. Its vast extent, its massive structures, its magazines, foundries, armouries, rope-walks, work-shops, bespeak what she was as a naval power. All is there now, a dead silence and undisturbed decay. It is, indeed, a full century since this republic, falsely so called, withdrew into a merely negative existence. History scarcely deigns to notice her\* after her peace of 1718 with the Turks, although in her naval combats with them, of the year preceding, she vindicated her ancient renown. How proudly she bore the trident, and challenged the fears and the admiration of Europe before the sixteenth century!† With what a grand array of resources and resolution she withstood the famous league of that

\* Laugier’s History of Venice terminates at 1750.

† Sismondi speaking of her as she was at the close of the fifteenth, calls her *le plus puissant et le plus sage, des Etats Italiens:—elle seule gardoit contre l’empire ottoman l’Italie et tout l’occident, &c.* (Histoire des Repub: It: Vol. 13.)

And Lord Byron—

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—  
Her very by-word sprung from victory,  
The “ Planter of the Lion,” which through fire,

century, and, notwithstanding all her disasters, re-appeared in the seventeenth to assert alone Italian independence! Her war of twenty-five years, begun in 1634, with the Sublime Porte, then the terror of Christendom, though unfortunate, is highly glorious. The second of fifteen years with the same enemy, begun in 1684,—in which she retrieved her losses, is of a most brilliant and imposing character. By the degenerate policy into which she afterwards fell, of submitting to every wrong and outrage rather than resort to the sword, she had nearly forfeited all title to commiseration when Bonaparte 'liberated' her in 1794, to throw her into the mass of equivalents at the treaty of Campo Formio.

From Venice our traveller proceeded to Padua, and describes the country visible on his route as having the appearance of being decorated for a *fête champêtre*. All who have surveyed it must sympathize in the admiration which he expresses for the beauty and animation of the scene. The desolate and ruinous condition of many of the noble mansions erected in the days of Venetian grandeur, throws, as he justly remarks, a shade of melancholy over the brilliant landscape. Padua, we are told by him, is in a state of depopulation and decay, notwithstanding the prosperity of the neighbourhood. Her inhabitants do not exceed thirty thousand in number; her streets are narrow and lonely; her whole aspect is sombre and languid. But this city contains several magnificent structures, bearing testimony to the genius of Palladio; and her renowned university, though possessing no longer the sixteen thousand students of which it could once boast, is by no means reduced to insignificance. Our countryman states, that its halls of dissection, its anatomical exhibition, its philosophical apparatus, its botanical garden, all correspond with the universal fame of the institution; and Forsyth represents it as having, when he inspected it in 1802, professors highly eminent in science, and being well supplied with chairs, libraries, museums, and all the implements of learning.

Petrarch's Villa lies at the distance of a few leagues only from Padua, and was eagerly visited by our traveller. We shall copy his account of the excursion, though another devout pilgrim, Eustace, has described the hallowed spot in greater detail.\*

And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;  
Though making many slaves, herself still free,  
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;  
Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye  
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!  
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

\* And Lord Byron has now strewed it with flowers from his "painted urn."

'There is a tomb in Arqua;—rear'd in air  
Pillar'd in their Sarcophagus, repose,  
The bones of Laura's lover: here repair  
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,  
The pilgrims of his genius. &c. &c.

Canto iv. Childe Harold.

‘At *Albano* we inquired the road to Petrarch’s villa. Our landlord informed us that the intermediate country, afforded no road for a carriage, and that unless we travelled with a guide it would be impossible to find our way to the village of *Arqua*, where exist the tomb and last residence of the poet.

‘He then chose for our guide, a respectable looking old man. We left *Albano* before sunrise. The scene was not one of those glowing landscapes of Claude Lorraine, where a sultry morning is bursting in dazzling effulgence upon the extensive *Campagna*, and exhaling rapidly the dews. The appearance of the sun was preceded by refreshing breezes. The only luminous objects visible, were the eminences of the Vicentian Alps, while a deep shade still involved the Euganean hills. As we passed along, we were exhilarated by the notes of the lark, towering above our heads, and refreshed by the breath of wild flowers that grew upon the sides of the road, which winded among hills and vallies where even the genius of Petrarch might have gathered happy materials for poetry. Sometimes it lay along the confines of a lordly palace, and gardens peopled with statues and murmuring with fountains. At another time, it passed through a miserable village, where a half-clothed servile population instantly gathered round us, and in their eagerness to kiss our hands and to obtain some boon of charity, nearly threw themselves beneath our horses’ feet.

At length we arrived at the little town of *Arqua*, romantically situated upon a hill, on one side of which stands the mansion of the poet. We found it in a state of lamentable decay, and it was not without concern, we viewed the ruinous condition of the hallowed residence of Petrarch. Yet objects consecrated by worth and genius, have an inspiring influence, and a place so often visited by poetick inspiration, can hardly fail to excite in a mind of the least taste and sensibility, many tender and pleasing associations. Adjoining the house were a few acres of grain, interspersed with fruit trees and skirted by a wood.’

‘The house consists of an antichamber which is used as a kitchen, a hall, a smaller apartment and a study. In the hall remain some faded frescoes, in which the visitor recognises the figure of Petrarch, in his canonical habit. The subjects of these old paintings relate to incidents in the history of that passion which consumed his life, and gave birth to those pure and exquisite effusions of poetry, which place the name of Petrarch above that of any of the ancient or modern amatory bards. The smaller apartment is connected with the study, and a tower from a balcony, in which there is a prospect of the neighbouring vallies. Over the sides of this ruin, the honeysuckle mixed with the ivy, wan-toned in gay luxuriance. The interior walls are covered with Italian and Latin inscriptions, left here as a tribute to the memory of the poet. In the study remain his ink-standish and the arm-chair in which he expired. The old woman who inhabited the house handed us a large album containing the names of all the persons, who, from an early period, have visited this sanctuary of genius, each name accompanied with some tributary effusion in verse or prose.’

In the approach to the Roman territories, the country wears a much less flourishing appearance in point both of population and culture. Our traveller found Ferrara still more forlorn and stag-

nant than Padua.\* The people, he observes, appeared to move along the streets more by mechanical, than any other impulse. "In the seats before the coffee-houses, were persons in whose looks were painted all the miseries of *ennui*." The same array is, however, witnessed at Paris. It is only commerce that can completely exclude this spectacle of listlessness in some considerable part of the population of a large city. The demon of *ennui* stalks abroad in the most brilliant capitals of pleasure, and even of science. There is a most interesting association of ideas in the case of Ferrara, and one cannot but sigh over the truth of the Count de Stendhall's pert observation,—that the pope's legate might feed a regiment of horse, with the grass that grows in her streets.

The environs of Bologna are rich and gay, and the interior of the city presents a scene not so widely dissimilar, though still one of much general poverty: its houses are furnished with continued arcades; "under shelter of which you walk from one extremity of the city to the other without being incommoded with rain or sunshine." The streets are narrow, but well paved; and many of the palaces and churches are in a style of splendid, if not pure architecture. As Bologna was the second school of painting in Italy, not to say on a level with Rome and Florence, it has a multitude of fine pictures, from which our countryman cannot disengage himself for several pages. We like better the despatch of Forsyth in this particular, on the same spot. "Here are," says he, "Guido's two apostles, a picture considered as the finest left in Italy. I can conceive no excellence beyond the figure of Peter. Indeed, so excellent is art in this case, that it disappears, and gives up the work to sentiment. I might heap technical phrases on this divine picture, but I could not convey my own impressions."

Academical degrees were invented and first conferred in the university of Bologna. Her present learned institutions, as our countryman informs us, are not unworthy of her early eminence. The library, observatory, cabinet of natural history and anatomy, and chemical laboratory, distributed through the splendid pile allotted to the institute, are all well furnished. It is observed of Bologna by Forsyth, that notwithstanding all the learning in its bosom, it has suffered its dialect—which Dante admired as the purest of Italy—to degenerate into a coarse, thick, truncated jargon, full of apocope, and unintelligible to strangers. To this we may add, that there has been a similar degeneracy in others of the different dialects of the Peninsula, which amount perhaps to twenty strongly individuated.

Our traveller proceeded by Florence to Rome.

\* As we descended the Apennines, there was a sensible change in the face of the country, which no longer presented the wild and uncouth

\* Ferrara! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,  
Whose symmetry was not for solitude, &c.—

Canto iv. *Childe Harold.*

features of the mountainous solitudes we had passed, but was highly cultivated and populous. The fair landscapes which Tuscany now presented, corresponded with the idea I had formed of the beauty and fertility of Italy. Nor did the manners and aspect of its inhabitants inspire sensations less gay, than its smiling scenery. They approached and saluted us, in the pure and harmonious language of their country.'

'The peasant girls are animated, and sometimes beautiful, and the smartness of their looks, is not a little improved by a hat and plume, and their graceful manner of wearing it. The better class of them, load themselves with a profusion of jewelry. The diamonds they wear are, to be sure, not of the first water, nor the pearls of the most brilliant whiteness, or of the finest shape, but what they want in quality, they make up in quantity. Their manners are courteous, and the turn of their expressions, as has frequently been remarked, is sprightly and graceful. As I was admiring a rose in the dress of one of them, she said to me *m'a regalato un giovinotto di sessant'anni*; it is a present from a youth of sixty years of age. The vivacity, which characterizes the peasantry of Tuscany, has an influence on the mind, not less delightful, than the unrivalled beauty of its climate, and the gay embroidery of its fields and meadows.

'When they go abroad or visit on festival days, they make a ludicrous exhibition of their wealth, in the ornaments of their persons. The family of a rich Tuscan farmer was pointed out to me, in a barge on the *Brenta*. The good man himself wore two golden watches, with immense chains that hung half way to his knees. The large arms and hands of his dame, sparkled with rings and bracelets, and as many old fashioned pearls and diamonds, were displayed on the persons of his daughters, as would have furnished a common jeweler's shop.

'As I approached *Florence*, an atmosphere perfumed with flowers, and the scenery of the *Arno*, which was in all its beauty, realized the most flattering pictures my imagination had previously formed of this enchanting vale. On entering the city by the *Porto di St. Gallo*, I admired the long and spacious streets before me, which had nothing of the heaviness of those of *Bologna*, and the edifices I passed indicated a purer taste in architecture, than I had yet seen exemplified in the cities of Italy.'

We cannot accompany him while he passes in review the numerous monuments of the fine arts, upon which he has fixed among the countless treasures of the kind which this celebrated city contains. The gallery particularly is a track so much beaten, that there is something of indolence in pursuing its details. He expresses himself, moreover, so formally in the third person, that he has the appearance of being intent upon the *catalogue raisonné*, rather than of speaking from the fullness of his own vivid recollections.

A chapter similar to that of *Forsyth*, on the manners of *Florence*, would, we must confess, have been more acceptable to us than all the glowing description and episodical discussion which we have in its stead, although these possess, apart, strong claims to our approbation. We shall extract what little seems to us to bear upon the character of the *Florentines*.

‘At Florence there is a class of poetasters, who, when a stranger arrives, wait upon him and present him with a copy of verses, celebrating his visit to the banks of the Arno. The morning after my arrival, the *cameriere* entered my apartment, and desired to know if I would allow him to introduce to me one of these sons of Apollo. The poet made his appearance and addressed me with all the courtesy characteristic of a Florentine, and the purport of his discourse was to explain to me the nature and object of a little book which he held in his hand, and which he begged me to accept. Upon opening it, I laughed to find my name inscribed in the title page, with many appellations of honour prefixed to it, and my character exalted with every extravagant epithet of verse.’

‘A serene sky that darted its beams into my apartment, and a softly undulating atmosphere, announced one of those fine mornings, not unusual in Tuscany. I directed my steps to the borders of the *Arno*, and joined the multitude that was passing through the *Porta al Prato*. I arrived among the groves that shade the borders of the river, and hailed the stream, to whose murmurs Milton used to listen with delight, and upon whose banks shaded by poplars, and strewed with violets, he was wont to lay and court the Tuscan muse,

Canto del mio buon popolo non inteso,  
E'l bel, Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.

As I proceeded onward, I perceived tents erected, and tables covered with refreshments, and old men and women with flowers in their hats, and children gambolling before them upon the green; with these were intermixed dancing groups, whose graceful and debonair steps were expressive of light hearts and animated feelings. The aristocracy of wealth and fashion drove up, in their splendid equipages, to this scene, and contemplated it from the windows of their carriages, or descended among the dancers upon the green.’

‘That proud fastidiousness, with which the noble and opulent of other countries are apt to look down upon the amusements of the lower orders, and which is not less characteristick of a want of taste, than of an unnatural insensibility, which refuses to sympathize with the pleasures or sorrows of the poor, is a trait which does not mark the higher classes in Italy, however, some circumstances may seem to favour the supposition of such a feature in their character.’

We have already quoted from Forsyth respecting the manners and morals of Florence.—The following passages from the same author more fully convey his impressions:

‘Though the modes of society have lately changed, the general character of the Florentines remains the same. In tracing some lines of that character, I must, in gratitude, begin with their civility; which springs, I do believe, from a sincere desire of obliging, though it is often too much loaded with protestations. But they are more than civil; they are naturally humane; this I should infer, not from the readiness of their tears alone, but from their extensive private and public charities.

‘The virtues of the Florentines are, however, all of the passive, christian kind. Their sturdiness of spirit vanished with the republic. They have exchanged the more turbulent virtues, for the qualites that can adorn a slave.

‘ The Florentines have ever been remarked for their curiosity. This formerly led them to mobs, bloodshed and insurrection, and now it degenerates into the silly gape of a village.

‘ A stranger entering Florence on a holiday, would greatly overrate the wealth of its inhabitants. All ranks live in a state of ambitious poverty; of splendor abroad and penury at home; or, as the French termed them on their disappointment, “*habit de velours et ventre deson.*”

‘ A Florentine of the frugal class will suffer no luxury in his possession to remain idle. When he does not use it himself, he contrives to let his carriage for the day: if he cannot attend the theatre, he lets his box for the evening; and would let his wife for the night, but Signora secures that perquisite for herself.

‘ They carry the same economy in parade to their establishment of servants, whom they affect to call the *famiglia*, as the Romans did their slaves. Indeed, the old contention for numbers, the “*quæstio quot pascit servos,*” still prevails among rich Italians. Here the footmen, if numerous, are generally selected from among mechanics; and, when their appearance is not required in livery, they are kept working for the family as upholsterers, tailors and shoemakers; for so easily satisfied is the love of cleanliness, that one man’s broom is sufficient for a whole palace.

‘ In every great house there are two confidential servants; the widow, who is employed in all commissions of delicacy, and consulted on every point where propriety is doubtful; and the secretary, who is the more necessary here, as few noblemen are capable of writing a letter.

‘ How degenerate the patricians of the present day from their accomplished ancestors? for more than three ages did the Tuscan nobility surpass all Europe in literature and science, as poets, as physicians, as professors. The six greatest Tuscans that ever lived, were all noble. After this the class of goldsmiths produced the most celebrated names.’

According to Eustace, the neighbourhood of Florence presents as great a portion of rural beauty, hill and dale, orchard and vineyard, cottage and villa, as the environs of any capital in Europe; Naples excepted. The city is seated in a vale intersected by the Arno,\* and bordered by mountains of various forms, rising gradually towards the Apennines. The whole vale is one continued grove and garden, where the beauty of the country is enlivened by the animation of the town, and the fertility of the soil, redoubled by the industry of its cultivators.

‘ The environs,’ says Forsyth, ‘ owe their beauty to a race of farmers who are far more industrious; intelligent and liberal, than their neighbours, born to the same sun and soil. The peasantry pass the year in a vicissitude of hard labour and jollity. Negligent of their own dress,

\* But Arno wins us to the fair white walls  
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps,  
A softer feeling for her fairy halls;  
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps  
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Pleanty leaps  
To laughing life, with her redundant horn—  
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps, &c.

*Canto iv. Childe Harold.*

they take a pride in the flaring silks and broad ear-rings of their wives and daughters. These assist them in the field: the farms are labour-ed in the patriarchal style by the brothers, sisters and children. Few of the proprietors round Florence will grant leases; yet, so binding is the force of prescription, so mutual the interest of landlord and tenant, and living in the sight of each others turrets, so close the intertexture of their property, that removals are very rare, and many now occupy the farms which their forefathers tilted during the republic. In addition to our objects of husbandry, the Tuscan has to learn all the complicate processes which produce wine, oil and silk, the principal exports of the state.\*

This extended husbandry and the peculiar agriculture of Tuscany and of Lombardy—the ingenuity, beauty and productiveness of which, are so much and so justly celebrated, may be traced to their peasantry of the republican era. Stimulated into life and energy by the action of free institutions, this race of men was dis-tinguished for intelligence and the spirit of improvement, while all of the same class throughout the rest of Europe, presented, in the thraldom of villanage, a totally opposite character.\* They substituted the rotation of crops to the old system of fallows; re-vived the practices of irrigation and terracing, and set generally the example of that persevering industry, and picturesque neat-ness in tillage which are now displayed by their descendants, and not excelled in the best cultivated countries.

We may pass from the agriculture of Tuscany and Lombardy, to every thing that is majestic and beautiful, there and in Romagna, and will still find that all belongs to the age of Liberty. The nearly unbroken series of magnificent cities, churches, palaces, and villas, from Novara to Terracina—the master-pieces of art with which they are filled—the noblest productions in the various departments of literature,†—the statesmen and warriors, who make part of the “long array of mighty shadows,” in Italian story, are of the era of Italian Independance which finished with the capture of Florence by the generals of Charles V, in fifteen hundred and thirty. “The truth is,” says Eustace, “that the tide of prosperity which has left so many traces behind, not only in Florence, Pisa, and Sienna, but in almost every town in the northern parts of Italy, such as Mantua, Cremona, Vicentia, and Verona, was the effect of republican industry, and most of the stately edifices which still adorn these cities whether public or private, sacred or profane, were raised by republican taste and magnificence.” Forsyth refers to the republican times of Lombardy, not indeed in so solemn a strain as Eustace, but with a view to the same striking lesson. “Though confined within narrow territories, and separated by the domains of barons who held them at defiance, the principal Lombard Republics, those ambitious apes of Athens and Lacede-

\* ‘On retrouve dans l’agriculture Florentine le siècle de la plus haute civilisation.’ Chateauvieux—*Lettres écrites d’Italie en 1813.*

† Except the *Jerusalem Delivered*, which was published in 1581. Tasso was the last of the inspired race.

mon, found means to flourish in the midst of continual hostility, and filled the annals of two centuries with their impudent battles."

These facts, taken in connexion with the history and condition of Italy since the sixteenth century, are to be deemed an important accession to the mass of inductive proof in favour of popular government as the most fruitful source of national prosperity. We, as American citizens, may contemplate such results with a double confidence in the future, since our institutions, besides combining all the beneficial principles and tendencies of the republican systems of Italy, provide the safe-guards for *civil liberty* which they wanted. The Italians were protected in their persons, property, honour and opinions, by no direct guarantees, no formal legislation—they were secure in these points only so far as such security was incidental to their fundamental maxim of the sovereignty of the people, and to the eligibility of numbers to the supreme power. Their political magistrates were elected by the citizens at short intervals, and responsible to them at the expiration of the prescribed term of authority: but this authority had no precise limitations; the freedom of the press and of public debate, and all regular representation were equally foreign to their ideas and practice. Hence the domestic oppression and disorders which proved fatal to their liberty and national independence.\*

We are inclined to yield assent to the opinion of Eustace that these Italian Republics of the middle ages may sustain, in nearly all respects, an advantageous comparison with the states of Greece; and that the history of the former is quite as eventful and instructive. Florence has annals so brilliant; exhibits relics of her meridian, so imposing; can unfold such a list of titles to the gratitude and admiration of the world; is seen at the commencement of the 16th century in such a blaze of genius—with such a galaxy of magnanimous patriots, profound philosophers, and elegant scholars, that in surveying her under all aspects, we are as much dazzled, as by the glories of Athens.

The commonwealth in which the greatest number of citizens may hope to get into the administration of affairs, will ever be the most active and intelligent, and on the whole, the most ably administered. Florence exemplified this truth. Her councils were renewed by lot every two months, from a list consisting entirely of merchants and tradesmen—Of the eighty thousand inhabitants whom she numbered in the days of her freedom, two or three thousand were thus called in quick succession to the first offices of state. Notwithstanding the rapidity of the rotation, and the de-

\* 'The world may not have seen an essay by the author of the Italian Republics, in which the distinction between the liberty of former states, and the signification attached to that word by the happier constitution of England, is ingeniously developed.' Notes to Canto iv. of Childe Harold.—We have in our hands the able essay here mentioned, and shall take an opportunity of dwelling upon the theory of the ancient, and Italian republics, in reference to the 'happier constitution' of the United States, which Sismondi has overlooked.

scription of the incumbents, 'they conducted affairs,' says Sismondi, 'with such wisdom, dignity, and firmness as to secure to their republic a rank among the powers of Europe out of all proportion to her share of population and wealth; they gave lessons of prudence and justice to the cabinets of kings and the senates of aristocracies.' Might not this example teach the folly of that contempt which is too commonly entertained or affected in Europe, for the government of this country, on the ground of its being composed of *bourgeois*?

Our American traveller makes a quick transition from Florence to Rome. The desert and mephitic *campagna* checked his enthusiasm as he drew near to the eternal city, but he soon caught, when arrived, the inspiration which the glorious shrine radiates, as it were, for every true pilgrim. He gives an interesting account of his particular situation and feelings, when he found himself, at twilight, alone and unknown, carried by the crowd down the *Corso*, a narrow, dark street, which is the fashionable promenade of the Romans.—One is inclined to smile in thinking of the difficulty which tourists have in breaking the ice in their account of Rome. We have before us the travels of a Mr. Sass,\* whose exordium is as follows. 'Rome!—The subject is so overpowering that I know not how to begin; my mind is distracted by a thousand different thoughts.—But I have seen St. Peter's—St. Peter's! contemptible—St. Peter's cannot bear a comparison with the ruins of ancient Rome, &c.' Our countryman gets over the difficulty with but one exclamation, and soon sets out 'with a *vasi* in his hand and a *cicerone* at his elbow' to survey the hallowed ruins, and the wonders of a city which he represents truly to be the queen of all others, as respects the architectural beauty of her edifices, and particularly the magnificence of her churches. We can easily pardon him for being here absorbed by the remains of antiquity, and the *chefs d'œuvre* of the fine arts. There are few men of classical education, who, at Rome, can attend to her present concerns.

The city has a population of not more than 160,000, and is said to occupy about one third only of the scite of the mistress of the world.—'In the inhabited quarters,' says Forsyth, 'you will find palaces and churches, columns, obelisks, and fountains, but you must cross the capitol or strike off among the mounts, before the genius of ancient Rome meets you amid its ruins.' One of the first inconveniences of the modern city, which strikes travellers, is the absence of cleanliness, a virtue which would seem to prevail scarcely any where in Italy. Our countryman speaks of his having passed through a succession of narrow and dirty streets

\* A journey to Rome and Naples performed in 1817—by Henry Sass, student of the Royal Academy of Arts. The book is puerile, and the author resembles Morris in Rob Roy, from his incessant horrors about being way-laid. His narrative proves, however, that the condition of the Papal and Neapolitan States, the last year, was truly frightful as to the prevalence of high-way robbery and murder.

on his way to the capitol. Forsyth tells us—"whatever road you take, your attention will be divided between magnificence and filth; and the objects which detain you longest are almost inaccessible from ordure." The Count de Stendhall makes the same complaints. 'Rome and its inhabitants,' says Mr. Sass, 'are worse, in respect to dirt than any Italian city, except Naples. The principal fault seems to be a want of care in their own persons, and a neglect in their houses of the use of water, which is seldom or never employed.—The consequence is, that no place is free from vermin. The rooms of the Farnese palace are in so foul a state as to make one shudder in passing through them.'

The most populous part of ancient Rome is now but a landscape. According to Forsyth, Mount Palatine, which originally contained all the Romans, is inhabited only by a few friars. How impressive and graphical is the same author's picture of Vespasian's amphitheatre, that mighty structure in which fifty thousand spectators could find seats. 'As it now stands, the *Coliseum* is a striking image of Rome itself:—decayed—vacant—serious—yet grand:—half gray and half green—erect on one side, and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every cast; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure and to pray.\*

Our countryman remarks, as all strangers are disposed to do, upon the comparative dreariness, and solemnity of the 'lone mother of dead empires.' 'The superb mansions of the Italian nobility have a solitary and melancholy air.—The delicious villas that surround Rome exhibit the unsubstantial nature of human enjoyments;—their possessors appear to have fled away in quest of more tumultuous pleasures. Rome, where every object invites to reverie and thought, would be insupportable to one who had only breathed the atmosphere of Paris.' This last observation is exemplified in the case of the Parisian dilettante—Count de Stendhall, who avows his feelings with characteristic *naiveté*.—'Every thing here at Rome marks decline; all is recollection; all is dead;—for active life we must go to London or Paris. One of those days that I am altogether attuned for sympathy, I would be at Rome, but residing there plunges the soul into a sort of stupor. There is nothing like alacrity; nothing like energy to be seen, every thing drawls and languishes. The most important news at Rome is that Camoccini has just finished a picture. In truth, I prefer infinitely the active life of the north, and the bad taste of our humble dwellings.'

Yet the Count found many theatres in the stupifying city, with much good music in them, and Forsyth says that in no part of Italy are the *conversazioni* more elegant, more various, or more

\* And Lord Byron—

My voice sounds much—and fall the star's faint rays  
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bow'd—  
A ruin—yet what ruin! &c. &c.

free from aristocratical stiffness. ‘Whether general gayety, or literature, or the arts, gaming or music, or politics, or buffoonery be your object, in one house or other you may be gratified every evening. Whatever be your pretensions here they will be allowed. Rome is a market well stocked with the “commodity of good names.”’ Praise you may command even to a surfeit, &c.’ This statement is correct, although it does not correspond with the representation of Eustace. It might have served as a caution to our countryman against the general declaration—that the worship of the muses restrains in Rome all except pleasures of an intellectual nature; and that people of figure and fortune who seek there the distractions of a great city, have no other amusement than that of exhibiting themselves in the evening in their carriages upon the *Corso*. No doubt, however, but that the mere man of fashion or pleasure must find Rome in the end *a shocking bore*, if it were only on account of the classical mantle and antique rust which cover its exterior.

The best description of this exterior is, unquestionably, that of Eustace, and indeed he has left nothing to be gleaned in relation to any of the monuments of his adored ‘*deorum domicilium*.’ We read, nevertheless, with pleasure, what our countryman has brought together respecting them, and would have satisfaction in quoting somewhat largely from him, if we were not restrained within limits too narrow for the purpose. He has omitted to notice (and who could indicate every treasure in such an inexhaustible repository?) some objects to which we cling with especial reverence—Trajan’s column, for instance, that “immense field of antiquities;”—the obelisk in the middle of the Piazza del popolo, of red granite, first erected by Sesostris at Hieropolis, and brought to Rome by Augustus:—the sculptured wolf of which Forsyth says—‘no object in Rome appeared to me so venerable as this wolf. The Etruscan stiffness of the figure evinces a high antiquity; its scathed leg proves it to be the statue which was ancient at the death of Cæsar, and it still retains some streaks of the gilding which Cicero remarked on it.’\*

But we must not plunge into the sea of antiquities, and can single out only a few of the prodigies of modern art. The greatest of these—the church of St. Peter, has been depicted and celebrated by Eustace in a manner to throw into despair all who would make it a subject of particular description. Our countryman has not been deterred by the gorgeous, panoramic exhibition of his predecessor, from stating his own general impressions, and passing in review some portion of the ‘rich marbles’ and ‘richer paintings’ with which the stupendous pile is decorated.—The effect of the *coup d’œil* upon him, is thus given:

\* Lord Byron has made it the subject of a magnificent apostrophe in his 4th Canto.

And thou the thunder stricken nurse of Rome,  
She wolf! &c. &c.

‘ At the end of the street at the left of the bridge of St. Angelo, the church of St. Peter opened in all its magnificence.

‘ The two great fountains, that murmur perpetually in the piazza, and from which the water is discharged in so gaseous a form, that it mixes with the atmosphere, were encircled with rainbows. Before it an obelisk rose an hundred and thirty feet in height, and the colonnade, on each hand which encloses the piazza, was an object as beautiful, as that to which it lead, was grand and imposing. I ascended the vast steps before the church, and entered its vestibule. The *cicerone* drew aside for me the curtain that covers the door, and I passed into the interior of the church. I cannot well describe the emotions of awe and delight I felt, at the entrance of this glorious temple. It expelled every ignoble passion from the breast, and like the starry expanse, or the boundless ocean, inspired the purest and highest sentiments of the sublime. It is sometime before these impressions are worn off the mind of the visitor, to leave it in a state sufficiently dispassionate, to examine its beauties in detail. After he has surveyed the majesty and proportions of the wonderful dome, suspended four hundred feet above his head, after he is satisfied with contemplating the matchless splendour of the great altar beneath it, he may then proceed to examine in succession, its paintings and tombs.’

Forsyth speaks of St. Peters in rather a more subdued tone of admiration than Eustace, and criticizes with his usual boldness; but it is evident that he can, with difficulty, refrain from overstepping the wariness of his nature, by breaking out into more loquacious raptures. We relish his manner so much, that we must make an extract. ‘ The general mass grows magnificently out, in spite of the hideous vestry which interrupts it on one side, and the palace which denies it a point of view on the other. The nave is infinitely grand, and sublime without the aid of obscurity; but the eye having only four pillars to rest on, runs along it too rapidly to comprehend its full extent. The cupola is glorious, viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decoration; viewed either as a whole or a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expands the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh or colossal, and leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast on. St. Peter’s no where unfolds its dimensions so strikingly as on the roof, where cupolas form streets, which are elsewhere lost to every eye but the bird’s, and the dome appears itself one immense temple, encircled with magnificent columns. No architecture ever surpassed, in effect, the interior of this pile when illuminated at Easter by a single cross of lamps. The immediate focus of glory—all the gradations of light and darkness—the fine or the fantastic accidents of this chiaro-scuro—the projection of fixed or moving shadows—the sombre of the deep perspectives—the multitude kneeling round the pope,—the groups in the distant aisles—what a world of pictures for men of art to copy or combine! What fancy was ever so dull, or so disciplined, or so worn, as to resist the enthusiasm of such a scene! I freely abandoned mine to its illu-

sions, and ranging among the tombs, I sometimes mistook remote statues for the living.'

Adjoining St. Peters is the Vatican, which next engages the attention of our American traveller. Upon this vast shrine of the arts, twelve millions sterling were, it is said, expended, and from its commencement to the period of its finishing, three hundred years elapsed and thirty-five pontiffs reigned. Several of the master-pieces which it contains are noticed in 'The Rambles,' but not that which we have always considered as, perhaps, the finest production of the pencil, in expression, interest, and moral grandeur—we mean Raphael's Schools of Athens. Our author has not, however, overlooked in his walks through the palaces of Rome, the *Aurora* of the Ruspigliosi pavilion, on which, as Forsyth observes in his quaint manner, you gaze till your neck becomes stiff, and your head dizzy. 'What,' exclaims Eustace, in reference to this fresco of Guido, 'can equal the grace, the freshness, the celestial glory of that matchless performance; which combines in one splendid vision all the beautiful features and accompaniments ascribed to the morning by the poets. Homer and Virgil seem to have presided over the work, and Ovid and Tasso given the picture its finishing touches.'

About the living world of Rome very little is told in 'The Rambles.' With respect to its society, the author says, that the multitude of distinguished artists gives an agreeable tone to the conversation of the higher classes, and that they talk of the paintings of Benvenuti, and the works of Canova, with the seriousness that they talk at Paris of the opera and of the rival pretensions of the actresses. To Canova he does homage, in common with all men of taste,\* as to the first sculptor of modern times—a supremacy fairly earned by the one hundred and fifty perfect works of his chissel.

The unrivalled importance attached in society at Rome to the labours of the fine arts, is common to all parts of Italy. The stress laid upon music in particular is amusingly exemplified in a phrase of the count de Stendhal speaking of a numerous fashionable assembly held at Milan immediately after a concert of madame Catalani. 'The conversation now consisted of nothing but exclamations about the *cantatrice*; for three quarters of an hour, reckoned by my watch, we had not a finished sentence.' There may be something of caricature in this, but we doubt whether the following paragraph, from the same author, as to Naples, is overstrained. 'There is nothing in Europe approaching to San Carlo. This theatre, constructed in three hundred days, is a stroke of state policy: it attaches the people to their king more than the best code of laws that could be framed: it has intoxicated all Naples with patriotism. As soon as the name of Ferdinand is mentioned—*He has rebuilt San Carlo*, they say.'

Writing sonnets for wedding days, and having them printed on pink satin, is, according to the count, the principal occupation of

\* "Europe—the world—has but one Canova."

Such as the great of yore Canova is to-day.

the fashionable Italian wits. How far the sonnet-mania is carried may be understood from Hobhouse's note on the third stanza of the 4th canto of Childe-Harold. Forsyth remarks in one place, that the business of the nation would seem to be poetry, and that in every circle you meet versifiers or *improvisatori*, who have a satire or a sonnet ready for every occasion.

De Stendhal alleges, that the present inhabitants of Rome apply to themselves without the least ceremony, all that is said of the ancient Romans, and Forsyth gives countenance to the assertion, by stating that they inherit at least one characteristic of their republican ancestors—that local pride which Rome has always excited in its natives. Of the sex at Rome, this last writer observes, ‘ the Roman ladies are more indebted to nature than to man. Their general style of beauty is large like the Juno, and their forms are perfect as to proportion. Animation of feature, dignity of gesture, a language all music, quickness of remark, a fine tinge of religion are theirs; but they have lost those severer graces and that literate character which once astonished Europe.’ The count is thrown into ecstacies by their fine eyes, and ejaculates, ‘ in this respect all other countries must bend to Italy.’ At all events, the language of no other country can paint beauty as it is vivified in these exquisite lines—

Gli occhi sereni e le stellanti ciglia  
La bella bocca angelica, di perle  
Piena, e di rose, e di dolci parole.

Mr. Sass states, that the custom of smoking is general throughout Italy; that the lower orders are addicted to theft and extortion; that the Italians add deep cunning to their vivacity; that in travelling you are wretchedly lodged and fed; that your property is always in jeopardy, and your life insecure, except, perhaps, within the Austrian jurisdiction. Drunkenness, however, is almost unknown in Italy, and the cardinal virtue of charity is nowhere more engagingly and munificently active.\*

We had intended to follow Forsyth to the *campagna felice*, ‘ to the most curious city, the most singular coast, the most beautiful bay, the most picturesque islands in Europe;’ and to Pæstum—where he beheld ‘ the most impressive monuments of antiquity on earth;’ but we are admonished by the exorbitant number of pages which we have already allotted to this tempting Italy, that it is time for us to think of drawing to a close. We perceive by the preface of ‘ The Rambles,’ that the author proposed at one time to include a general view of the literature of the Peninsula, its present learned institutions and eminent professors. He expresses a hope of being able to execute this design at some future period. He is, we are inclined to believe, well qualified for treating those subjects, and he could easily escape the censures of critics by a more careful revision than he has seen fit, or been able, to give to his actual performance. There is some danger, however, of

\* See Eustace on the *sixty* charitable foundations of the city of Naples.

his being anticipated; for we observe that Mr. Hobhouse has annexed a short memoir on Italian literature to his *Historical Illustrations of Lord Byron's 4th Canto*, and announces a longer treatise to be published in the course of the current year.

Mr. Hobhouse promises to attempt in this treatise a survey of the revolutions of Italy, from the French invasion in 1796, to the present day. The complexion of his politics does not give assurance of a perfect impartiality, but we are glad that the task is in hands so able. It is very desirable that the influence of the great events of the last twenty years upon the Italian mind and habits should be distinctly marked, and, also, that the causes of their deterioration through the 16th and 17th centuries should be philosophically investigated.

We are not, we confess, sanguine as to the political or moral resurrection of the Italians, though we admit with Lord Byron, that their decay is 'impregnate with divinity,' and that 'the man must be wilfully blind who is not struck with their extraordinary capacity, the rapidity of their conceptions, their sense of beauty, the fire of their genius, and their longing after independence.'\* Alfieri and the French revolution may have moved certain classes of them to manly aspirations, and they may be, as the author of the 'Rambles' asserts, daily becoming more enlightened in the mass; but it must be long before they reach the point of being able 'to break through music and voluptuousness;' to stifle their deeply rooted and almost universal distrust of all public virtue among themselves; to sacrifice their inveterate mutual antipathies, and to unite calmly and cordially for the *arduous* purpose of expelling and barring out foreign dominion.

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ART. II.—*Reflections on the Institutions of the Cherokee Indians.*  
from Observations made during a recent Visit to that tribe: In  
a Letter from a gentleman of Virginia, to Robert Walsh, Jun.—  
June 1st, 1817.

**T**HREE is so little variety among the Indian tribes of North America, in any of the essential qualities which distinguish nations, that however they may differ in language, dress, or apparently in institutions, they may all be considered as one people.

This uniformity is not wonderful, whether we suppose them to derive their origin from a common stock, or not. There are in North America no great natural separations of one section of the country from the rest, which could enable those possessing it, to defend themselves from their warlike neighbours. The stream of emigration, and the torrent of conquest flowed equally in every direction, and destroyed, in succession, the peculiarities of each tribe over which they passed. In Europe, the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean, the Baltic, &c. by securing in some degree, at least, the people of one quarter from utter extirpation by military incursions, developed all the peculiarities which are incident to

\* Preface to 4th Canto.

climate, and other external circumstances. Besides, the communication between the three great sections of the eastern hemisphere being direct, each contributed to diffuse its own character over portions of the others: and the whole eastern hemisphere affording the combination of more various circumstances which enter into human physiology, it was natural that Europe should produce greater varieties in the human race. Wars which, in America, have exterminated tribes, have, in Europe, only modified nations. Italy has been successively over-run by inhabitants of almost every climate, and of every hue. In Spain the fair complexion of the Caucasian race, has been tinged, not only by the warm sun of Grenada and Andalusia, but by the blood of the Moors.

North America resembles that plain which extends from the Alps and Atlantic shores of Europe to the Oural mountains of Asia: a plain which was occupied by numerous tribes of Indians, equally uncivilized and equally destitute of the means for extending their dominion over a great surface, or of consolidating their conquests, like the Romans, under one permanent empire. No sooner had a period of repose given a casual advancement to one tribe, than that very circumstance excited the cupidity, and, of course, the enmity of neighbouring ones. Hence the whole continent of America, from its primeval settlement, has, probably, exhibited only a series of predatory wars, in which each party sought the extirpation of an enemy, and the occupation of their territory. If civilization began sooner, or advanced farther, in the isthmus between Santiago and Nicaragua, it was probably owing entirely to the circumstance, that this narrow strip of land, girt on two sides by the sea, and protected to the north and south by rivers and mountains, enabled the first occupants to preserve, at least, what was once discovered. The hypothesis which ascribes the comparative civilization of this part of America to the emigration of the Toultees, the Chickimecks, the Nahualtics, the Acolhuces, the Aztees, &c. is liable to many and weighty objections. Civilization in America was either original or imported. It must have been original somewhere: there is then nothing extravagant in supposing it to have been so on our continent. But if it was not original, it was, most probably, imported from Asia: and, according to our ideas of Asiatic navigation, when the transmigration must have happened, the emigrants most probably reached this continent through the communication of Beering's streights, or the Andrean and Fox islands, which, with short intervals, connect the two continents about the fiftieth degree of north latitude. America then was peopled by a race inhabiting a country lying between the fiftieth degree of latitude and the Arctic Circle. Can it be supposed that a people from such a latitude would have passed more than five thousand miles over a fertile and unoccupied, or at least unresisting country, to take up their abode in the tropical region of Sucatan? Before, too, they had any previous intimation of the existence

of such a country? Such a supposition is certainly more chimerical than that the refinement of the Indians inhabiting Mexico, and the isthmus, was, as far as it differed from that of the other tribes of aborigines, original.\*

The theory which supposes the progress of the American Indians to have been retarded by incessant wars and conquests, is confirmed by the fact, that almost every section of the continent exhibits proofs of an advancement and power, something, but very little beyond, what are possessed by their present inhabitants. This improvement in the arts was very inconsiderable, because the dominion of any particular tribe was of short duration; and Europe has shown, that conquerors do not always preserve the arts of the conquered, even where the country is not depopulated. It was not until the terror of the Roman name had given security to the city that the arts began to prosper. Rome cannot be said to have enjoyed the liberty of general laws until the reign of Servius Tullius, more than one hundred and seventy years after its foundation. His predecessors were tyrants in authority if they were not in temper—*Romulus ut libitum imperitaverat*, says Tacitus.

These considerations render it extremely probable, that the aborigines of America, if left to themselves, would not have attained a high degree of civilization in many ages, if, indeed, they ever would; and, consequently, they should mitigate the remorse with which we reflect, that we are the occupiers of their territory: especially since their real population even under the most favourable circumstances never amounted to the five hundredth part of the well peopled portions of Europe. It is difficult to reconcile with the views of an enlarged and philanthropic justice, any right in these barbarians to occupy an immense continent, to the exclusion of so large a portion of the human race. The law which decreed that we should increase and multiply, ordained in the very moment of its enactment, by making the propensity to fulfil it, paramount over moral calculations, that population should spread itself over the earth until resisted by physical obstructions capable of arresting its progress. The Indian tribes oppose no such barriers to the diffusion of the European race, and it must, of course, even if it were in defiance of every moral law, and of every political regulation, spread itself from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. At the same time, we are doubtless under a moral and a religious duty to temper, by all the means in our power, the ravages which this torrent of emigration may occasion: and, since the moral law is not sufficient, even if it exist, to prevent our occupying a territory to which sooner or later we will be impelled by a physical necessity, we are at least obliged, to make not only the existence, but the well-being of the Indians, as far as possible, compatible with our

\* The author has not had the good fortune to see any of the European Memoirs which have been written on this subject. He does not know how far he agrees with or differs from others.

own. Let us then inquire, whether it be practicable, under any system of persuasion or coercion, to preserve this indigenous race.

The success of the Spaniards and Portuguese in incorporating the South American and Mexican natives, under their colonial governments, is far from being a conclusive experiment on this question. They conquered a people already possessing some elements of civilization, and in this beyond any thing, the difficulty is, *to begin.*

To obtain a satisfactory result, we must look anew into the state of the tribes included within our territorial limits. For what Europeans, and, indeed, what most Americans have written concerning the Indians, is only calculated to give false ideas of their actual state, and of the best means of ameliorating their condition. One class of these writers, has represented them as little better than cannibals, while the more amiable enthusiasts have appropriated the sentiments which they have derived from poetic descriptions of the chivalrous age of modern Europe, and the golden age of the ancients, to these fierce and perfidious barbarians. But with all the aid of imagination, I could not discern, among the Cherokees, a single trace of that generous heroism, and romantic fidelity, which are universally ascribed to the primitive stages of society: and I am much persuaded, that Hesiod's golden age of the Greeks would have presented to an actual observer nearly the same mixture of insensibility, vulgarity, and vice, that we found to exist, among our less classical brethren of the woods, Archeela-Akarouka, and Qu-ut-a-qu-us-kee.\* Ovid's self-congratulation that he was reserved to a later period was not without reason,

Prisca juvent alios, ego me nunc denique natum  
Gratulor.

The faults and the crimes of these poor Indians are not peculiar to them—they are the faults and the crimes of human nature, wherever it exists under similar circumstances.

The territory of the Cherokees, which, before the treaties of 1805 and 1807 with the United States, was much larger, now ex-

\* At the house of this chief (Qu-ut-a-qu-us-kee) better known by the name of Mac Intosh, an incident occurred characteristic of Indian manners. We were recommended to his hospitality by the politeness of Mr. Meigs, the agent of government with the Cherokees. The chief, therefore, felt himself bound to honour, by every mark of distinction, his new-guests. It was near sunset when we arrived. When he learned who we were, and saw the obligation he was under to entertain us for the night, he took his rifle as I supposed to shoot some wild game which might be near. But while we were standing in a sort of porch attached to his hut, he discharged it at a cow which was eating grass immediately before our eyes; he only wounded the poor animal, which ran bellowing and frantic about the yard. In this situation, two or three half naked negroes, who stood at the corner of the house to enjoy the bloody spectacle, fell upon the cow with axes; cleaved it to the ground; butchered it immediately, and, in two hours after our arrival, part of the very cow which we had found browsing happily on the grass, was stewed for our supper. I need not assure you how utterly unable we were to eat a morsel of an animal which we had seen thus barbarously butchered. But what had sickened and disgusted us, sharpened the appetites of the young warriors, who devoured the flesh with a ferocious avidity.

tends from the borders of Broad river, to the Chickasaw boundary below the Muscle Shoals, on the left bank of the Tennessee river: and off the river to the south, to the head waters of the Koosee, the Talapoosee, and the Tombigbee, including a space about half the size of the state of Tennessee. This country is the termination of that mountainous region which extends from New Hampshire in a south-western direction, half across our continent. The hills, though not high, are bold and prominent; the bottoms broad and rich; the forests heavy and majestic. The streams, both because they flow in rocky channels and because their banks are yet unbroken by the plough, are remarkably limpid: the Tennessee rolls with an air of magnificence its heavy torrent, from the sides of the Allegany and Cumberland mountains. The succession of ridges rising in height as they recede from the river, and finally attaining a great elevation, forms the sublimest and most beautiful landscape on our continent. It has been well described by a distinguished philosopher and traveller as an 'Anacreontic Swisserland.\* The climate which is tempered by the sun of 35 degrees, while it is uninfecte<sup>d</sup> by the miasmata of marshes, is soft, dry and genial. The sky is of a pure and brilliant azure; the clouds are rich and varied in their tints, and all things conspire to sustain the romantic feelings with which we penetrate a virgin forest, except the miserable and squalid appearance of the inhabitants.

The Cherokees, like most other Indian tribes, live in villages. The conjecture that towns were first built for security, seems extremely probable, and the necessity of such a defence constantly continuing, they have never been permitted to live otherwise. The hunting state of society too, though it preclude the possibility of large cities, renders villages expedient. For while it allows to a very limited extent the division of labour, it requires a division of spoil. Should each individual in such a state, persist in enjoying to the exclusion of others, the fruits of his labour, a series of unsuccessful adventures would expose each to the dangers of famine: a division of the spoil, like dividing the loss on the insurance of houses, equalises the condition of the whole. The Cherokees at present have two towns more considerable than the rest; one in the upper, the other in the lower part of the nation. Besides these, there are many smaller villages containing 15 or 20 houses, and as many families. They rarely inhabit solitary houses; indeed, a family living apart in such a wilderness would not be safe from the violence and depredations of others of the same tribe. So true is it, that society which is reproached with generating vice, in fact restrains it. Few villains are so hardened as to steal or murder in public. This is a wise provision; for, the difficulty of obtaining the necessaries of life, increasing even in a greater ratio than its multiplication, a populous society would be

\* The country best deserving this description lies between the Holston and Clinch rivers, extending on their sides 50 or 60 miles above their junction.

intolerable, if the very circumstance which makes it more difficult to provide for our wants, did not also increase the facility of detecting, and the certainty of punishing crimes.

Mr. Jefferson in his notes on Virginia, has given three different computations of the numbers of the Cherokees; in one they are estimated at 1500; in another, at 2000; and in a third, at 3000. It is scarcely imaginable, that their change from hunters into breeders of cattle, which subsist altogether on the spontaneous productions of the forest could, in 34 years, even with the large accession of white emigrants who have settled among them, have increased their population from the greatest of these numbers to 13,000,\* at which they were estimated by the more intelligent inhabitants in the year 1815. Whatever their actual numbers may be, more than a third are already more or less mixed with the European race.

It would be an interesting problem to ascertain what increase of population a change from the hunting to the grazing state has produced in one third of a century. The Cherokees do not furnish the data necessary for its solution. Too many extraneous causes would enter into the calculation;—their emigration to other territories,—the settlement of the European race among them—the knowledge they have acquired by this intercourse which has enabled them to arrest the ravages of the small pox—and of other diseases which oppose still more directly, the progress of population.

Since they have become graziers, the game has nearly disappeared from their country. They now subsist on Indian corn, sweet potatoes, dried fruit, and on the cattle which run at large in the forests at all seasons. They burn the woods every year to ameliorate the pasturage: a circumstance which has contributed much to the expulsion and extinction of the game.

The regularity of their institutions, like every thing concerning the Indians, has been much misrepresented by news-paper writers and missionaries. It is a part of Indian manners never directly to oppose any proposition which a stranger makes to them. Missionaries anticipating open hostility to their schemes of reformation, have mistaken their supine indifference for an intelligent acquiescence; when the delusion has vanished, they accuse these poor people of insincerity, and hold them to be incorrigible barbarians. They are the dupes of their own sanguine credulity.

The Cherokees cannot be said to have any regular system of government, laws, or even permanent customs which supplies the place of laws in some nations. Such authority as exists, is in the chiefs, who are not, as has been imagined, made such by popular elections, but are called to this station by other chiefs in council. How they were originally appointed, cannot be ascertained; for their traditions scarcely ever extend back through three complete genera-

\* It has often been remarked how fallacious conjectures of population are. Cook estimated the number of inhabitants of Otaheité at 100,000. It has since been successively reduced to 49,000, 16,000, and finally to 5,000.

tions. The authority of the chiefs can be exercised only in war or in council;\* and even there, they have no other power than the indirect influence which superior age, wisdom, address, courage or eloquence confer in all societies.† In the year 1815, there were two principal chiefs; Too-che-la (flute) of the upper Cherokees, and Ne-nau-ta (path-killer) of the lower. These Agamemnons, who are represented by the romantic journalists of the time, as wide ruling kings, have in fact no superior power, rank, respectability or emolument, in peace or war; they enjoy by the courtesy of a tacit acquiescence, a kind of nominal dignity.

The nation is divided into clans or smaller associations. Matters of general interest are debated in the great national council which meets once a year: smaller affairs are adjusted by the clans which they more immediately concern. All the individuals composing a clan, are considered members of the same family, and marriage between them is regarded as a species of incest.

Their civil jurisprudence has been imported among them by the white emigrants, and is peculiar to the Cherokees. A debt which can be proved to be due, is exacted from an unwilling debtor by an application on the part of the creditor to the justices in Eyre, who are a troop of light horse called *un-ut-le-ke-haw-kee* (or riders of the circuit.) These seize as much of the property of the debtor as will satisfy the demand. I did not understand that they had a right to confine the person in case he had no property. In this respect, their laws are more humane than our own. They ride their judicial circuits once a year regularly, and oftener if occasion require.

Retaliation is the principle of their criminal code. When an individual is killed, a relative of the deceased kills the murderer. Public opinion does not require a smaller injury than the murder of a relation to be resented. Even in this case, the power of the nation is not pledged to stop the evil at the first retaliation, for a relation of the person last killed may still revenge the death of his friend, and so on, without end. Hence, if the family of the first murderer be most powerful, the crime goes unpunished, or the guilty person ransoms his own life by offering in atonement that of a slave, instead of a pecuniary compensation, as among the early Germans. Of this, a memorable instance happened but a little while before our visit. There was a rich and powerful leader of the name of Van, who had long tyrannised over his neighbours by committing acts of the most wanton barbarity; one of them was, that of shooting a person sitting in his own door, for the sake of trying a newly purchased gun. None of these outrages had been resented; for his wealth, his power, his courage, and the number of his dependants had made his name terrible to all around him. At length there arose a rival chieftain, with a soul as dark, and as

\* Caesar says of the Germans 'in pace nullus communis est magistratus.' (De Bel. Gal. lib. vi. c. 23.)

† Like the ancient German chiefs they govern 'auctoritate suadendi, magis quam jubendi potestate.' Tac. de Mor. Ger. c. ii.

implacable; as cruel and capricious in its resentments—his name was Saunders. He had already butchered Double Head, [chu-qua-lu-tau-gee,] by shooting and tomahawking him with circumstances too barbarous to be related. He waited with a cowardly prudence his opportunity to kill Van: he shot him when he was drunk.—Fearing that the terror of his name and the power of his clan, might prove unavailing against the fury of Van's family, exasperated as it was by the perfidy of the act, he propitiated their vengeance by offering them a negro man as an expiatory sacrifice.—The offer was accepted—a negro slave for a murdered father, husband and brother; and the poor negro was butchered in turn, by having a tomahawk driven to his heart.

It is no excuse of a homicide, that it is accidental. A husband by mischance killed his wife with a ball that glanced obliquely from a tree; a brother of the wife thought it his duty to shoot the husband in retaliation. It is certain that crimes are often concealed, even in the most enlightened nations, under the pretext of accident. Before the *Code Napoleon* was in force in France, it had been observed, that cases of parricide were more frequent there, in proportion to other murders, than in the adjoining nations. By the new code, even accidental parricide was punished with death. From that moment the accident became less frequent. The law was the less cruel in its operation; as in cases in which the accident was manifest, the emperor could pardon the accused.

The Cherokees estimate relationship through the maternal line only. A son therefore is not allowed to revenge the murder of a father, though he is required to punish that of a mother, a sister, or a brother.

Their ideas of property are extremely rude. The land is the domain of the nation in its aggregate character. An individual has only the *dominium utile* in as much as he can enclose. In the hunting state the property in the land ought of course to be common, for the land is only of use because it furnishes game; and as the right to the game as long as it is at large, is common to all, it becomes vested in a particular person, only by possession. Those who have disputed (and Mr. Locke is one of them) whether the right of property was originally founded in consent, or prior occupancy, have forgotten that the very recognition of occupancy as deciding the right, implies a consent that such shall be the rule. This acquiescence among the Cherokees extends to but a few objects, and is doubtless the result of that moral arithmetic which in things essential to our existence, induces us to observe its rules, without the sanction of a coercive authority: just as principles of politeness are held sacred by well educated gentlemen.

The property of husband and wife (a relation which I shall presently explain) is as distinct as that of any other individuals: they have scarcely any thing in common.

There is no established order of inheritance. After the death of the parents, the relations of the father or mother take away from the children whatever they wish. Montesquieu has said, no

particular order of inheritance is prescribed by natural law; for that law only binds parents to support their children so long as they live. It is difficult to perceive why they are not under an equal obligation to secure as far as they have power, the means of subsistence to their infants after their death. Human institutions have scarcely differed more in any thing, than in the limitations which they have imposed on the power of making wills. Justinian calls that a barbarous law which prefers males to females in the order of inheritance; yet, it is the code of modern Europe.— Whatever political reasons may have existed to require such a law, there can be none in nature; and if the law be necessary to a particular system, it only proves such a system to be unjust. This preposterous canon of descents, will continue the longer, merely from the accidental circumstance that daughters lose the family name by marriage. By the Roman law a testator could not entirely disinherit his child, except for particular specifical reasons: it seems to be a just restraint on the caprice of parents. But it is unimaginable, that any system of succession, however arbitrary, could be so bad as none at all: and the fact of there being none among the Cherokees, is a great hindrance to the progress of their improvement. In civilized life, the strongest inducement to an unmarried man to labour, is, that he may acquire the means of supporting a wife; and of a married one, that he may leave something to his children. These two hopes give interest to life, and sustain and encourage industry. It is by the operation of these two incentives combined, perhaps, with others, that a large part of every civilized society has something accumulated in anticipation of future wants; this accumulation affords leisure, and leisure the means of improvement; while savages, who are incessantly occupied in providing against immediate and pressing necessities, can never do more than barely subsist.

Some equivalent has been sought for these disadvantages in the superior liberty which savages are supposed to enjoy. It has indeed grown into a political axiom, that on entering into social relations, we relinquish a portion of our natural rights, in order to secure the rest. But it is difficult to discover what natural rights the Cherokees would surrender by such a change. They certainly would not abridge the enjoyment of their personal rights; for now their persons are at the mercy of every one; and there is no remedy for an injury to it, but the chastisement or murder of the offender; and no security whatever exists, that this chastisement, and this murder, will not in fact be inflicted on the party already injured. It is like the liberty we have of fighting a duel with a person who has murdered a father: but are we not more free, because we can arraign the murderer and have him executed without risk to our own lives? As to the right of possession, we are told that in the savage state this is enjoyed without limitation; for there exists a 'right of each to every thing.' But as Quesnay well observes, this right of each to every thing, is like that of a swallow to all the gnats which float in the atmosphere; a right,

which in fact is limited to those he can catch, and preserve, or consume. In this more accurate sense, the right of possession in the savage state, will be very confined, because it will be restricted to what each can acquire and protect by his personal strength: whereas, the social compact, pledges the whole force of the society to protect each member of it, in the full enjoyment of every thing lawfully acquired. Cicero therefore speaks not only like an orator but a philosopher, in saying, '*Legum denique idcirco omnes servi sumus, ut liberi esse possumus.*' The Cherokees then have none of those political institutions which are necessary for the protection of person and property. Let us examine for a moment their domestic relations.

We have been amused from our childhood with affecting stories of tender passions, and romantic constancy, between the sexes of savage nations. Their intercourse among the Cherokees furnishes a mortifying refutation of all these delightful visions. There is no synonym in their language for love, and there cannot be imagined a more contemptuous profanation of its most sacred rites, than the uniform habits of the nation in both sexes. The relation of husband and wife, consecrated in our minds by habitual reverence, hallowed by the most imposing solemnities of religion,—the holy and mysterious tie which unites in indissoluble union the moral elements of the world, which sustains and invigorates our tenderest sympathies and most exalted sentiments—cannot be said to exist at all among the Cherokees. All the fine feelings which the advocates of the superiority of the natural state have assigned to this primitive stage of our social existence, as its peculiar attributes, are, in fact, refinements, of civilization, and have no reality in that state to which they are supposed exclusively to belong. The ray of amorous and poetic fire which Gray triumphantly hailed as having

‘Broke the twilight gloom  
To cheer the shiv’ring natives’ dull abode,’

has never dawned upon the feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky maids of the Hiwassee.

The word in their language nearest to *husband*, is *aus-te-kee*—(the man who lives with me.) In most cases only a metaphorical expression, and equally applicable to three or four men at the same time.

Children can consequently never know their fathers with certainty, nor fathers their children. Hence the relation of father and child cannot subsist, because that of husband and wife does not. It is then in perfect conformity with this system, that the ancient English law which supposed the mother to be no relation of the child, should be inverted, and that here, the father should be held none.

When we see that the Cherokees, the most advanced of all the tribes which border on our frontier, have hardly one of the numberless moral ingredients which enter into the very complicate

mass of civilized society, we may well pause a moment before we begin to sing *paeans* of praise, on nations reclaimed from ignorance and barbarism. In order to reform them, we must know what reformation is needed. I act the part of a candid, though not of a flattering physician, when I suggest that much, nay, that almost every thing yet remains to be done. It is a mistake to imagine a nation civilized because it has black cattle, or plants a few potatoes in the weeds, or spins a gross of broaches of very indifferent cotton. The arts which vary so much in countries equally civilized, are but particular modes in which human intelligence and skill manifest themselves. Civilization relates more to the moral qualities of man, and to his social institutions, than to the particular mode in which he gratifies his wants. Pyrrhus saw across the Lylis that the Romans were no barbarians, though they had neither artillery, steam boats, balloons, gas lights, tea, coffee, nor sugar. Since the modifications under which civilized societies have existed have been almost infinite, we must in order to know what constitutes the essence of civilization, find some qualities which have been common to them all.

As nothing contributes more to the progress and diffusion of social refinement than commerce, it was not extraordinary, that philosophers should ascribe its origin in particular countries, to facilities of commercial intercourse. Accordingly, we find them\* assuming it as a fact, that civilization began on the shores of the Mediterranean; and then explaining this assumption by the circumstance of that sea combining so many advantages for maritime communication, by reason of its being a great inlet, without tides, the basin of many rivers, &c. This reasoning is illustrated by the recent history of the British colonies in America, which followed the courses of bays and rivers. The colonies deriving first their subsistence, and afterwards their profit, from their intercourse with Britain, which could only be by water, furnish no argument whatever whence we can deduce the causes of original refinement. Now that our population is independent of Britain, it no longer follows water courses, but fertile land. We have every reason to doubt, nay, even to disbelieve, that the shores of the Mediterranean were the first civilized portions of the earth. The records of the Hindoos, and the Chinese, carrying their sciences to a very remote antiquity, rather induce us to believe, that the arts were transmitted from Hindostan to Arabia and Persia, and thence to Egypt. It is also a circumstance not unworthy of observation, that Egypt is precisely that part of Africa which touches on Asia. Now supposing Asia to have been first civilized, and without great improvements in navigation, the arts could have been carried into Africa by no other way than the isthmus of Suez. This goes far to prove, that the civilization of Egypt was received by transmission; for if it was original, no adequate reason can be assigned why it should begin in Africa, exactly at the point of contact with Asia.

\* See Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, B. I.

And if it was original in Hindostan, it was not because the Indus, and the Ganges offered greater advantages for commercial intercourse than the Nile, the Jennisea, the Oby, the Amoor, the Hoan-ho, the Kian kew, the Amazons, and the Mississippi: But (if we may be allowed to conjecture in so doubtful a case) because Nature had showered with a more bountiful hand on the shores of Asia than elsewhere, productions proper for the sustenance of man. The nutritious Cerealia and fruits of that prolific climate enabled the human race to multiply more rapidly there than in less favoured countries. Increased numbers and the increased intercourse arising from them, made those institutions necessary, without which men cannot exist in crowded societies. Necessity, as the proverb says, is the mother of invention, and so soon as they became necessary, men discovered and adopted them. Hence it is that civilization has begun all over the world, as far as we know, in genial climates and productive soils. The American tribes which had made the greatest progress were under the tropics and not near the pole; were in a high country, and not on the lakes where the hypothesis of Mr. Smith would have induced us to look for them. Nor do commerce and civilisation advance with equal pace. The Phenicians, and Carthaginians, had an earlier and a much more extended commerce than the Greeks and Romans, but they were certainly less refined. The great advantages of navigation have been set forth with a more philosophical discernment by Bacon. He considers commerce not so much as refining the particular nation which carries it on, but as one of the great means for advancing mankind generally in the sciences—as an instrument for diffusing rather than creating knowledge. It is in this sense that he says the prophecy of Daniel, *Plurimi pertransibunt et multiplex erit scientia*, has been in part fulfilled. For in the very same paragraph, he acknowledges the superiority of the ancients, though they certainly had less commerce than the moderns—a superiority which it was reserved for his genius to dispute, and finally to overcome.

It does not appear then, that civilization inheres essentially and inseparably either in commerce or in the arts, though it is intimately connected with both. And whether it originated in necessity, or in the intercourse which resulted from the multiplication of the species, it must have had some intrinsic advantages which prevented the relapse of mankind into barbarism, or it could not have been preserved. The principal of these benefits are, greater security for our personal rights, and the enjoyment of property. These great fundamental objects which lawgivers and rulers have accomplished in an infinite variety of modes, and no doubt from very different motives, are inseparable from our idea of a civilized community. The institutions which have been adopted for this purpose, may be all included under the comprehensive heads, the *civilization of Asia and of Europe*; and the latter may be divided into that of *ancient and that of modern Europe*. We know very little of Asiatic institutions in their origin or indeed until a late

period of time. Of this much, however, we are certain, that the nations of Asia have advanced so little since our earliest acquaintance with them, that we must infer, there is something radically vicious in their institutions. For, whatever plausibility there may be in the celebrated hypothesis of Montesquieu, which ascribes the fatal servitude, and eternal degeneracy under which they linger rather than live, to the operation of climate and surface, powerful arguments may be urged for its refutation. A theory, which is contradicted by one well established fact, is as certainly untrue, as if it were repugnant to all the phenomena. Now, much of Asia has as fine, and indeed almost exactly the same climate as Italy and Greece; yet Italy has been once mistress of the world, and twice the restorer of the arts. These countries have the same climates now that they had when they governed and enlightened the earth:—physical Greece is the same now that it was when Homer sung—when Aristotle and Euclid reasoned—when Demosthenes harangued—and when Epaminondas bled. Italy has not become more voluptuous in its climate since Manlius was expelled the Roman senate for kissing his wife in the presence of his daughter; or since the eloquence of Cicero filled Rome with rapture, and the world with his renown. If the enervating influence of climate be constant, its invigorating energy must be constant also: and for the very reason that Persia has been doomed to perpetual despotism, Greece should have remained for ever free. But neither one nor the other has been the case. The temples of Athens, and the tombs of her heroes are profaned by the footsteps of tyrants and of slaves. Nor can this affecting revolution in the fortune of one of the most splendid nations which has existed, be ascribed wholly to conquest. The spirit of the heroes of Marathon and Salamis had fled before the final reduction of Greece to a foreign power. The difference of Asiatic from European civilization must then be explained by some other cause than the difference of climate, for we find the same spirit in different climates, and different spirits in the same climate.

The fundamental institution in which Asia and Europe are most unlike, is that of marriage: and of all possible institutions it is probably that which has the most direct influence on all the others, and indeed on the whole moral and political system of a nation. Without some institution of marriage, no social system could be preserved from detestable vices, if indeed it could exist at all. The next thing to having no such institution as marriage, is to allow a plurality of wives or Polygamy, which is common in most of the eastern nations. Where the heart is never softened by those affecting lessons of parental love, to which we ever recur with new delight and improvement;\* where filial piety is

\* This sentiment has prompted some of the finest lines of Pope.

‘ Me let the tender office long engage,  
To rock the cradle of declining age;  
With lenient arts extend a mother’s breath,  
Make languor smile and smooth the bed of death:  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep awhile one parent from the sky! ’

never practised with that singleness of devotion which can spring only from having the object of its veneration not merely designated as an idol which can never be mistaken, but separated from every other; it is no wonder to find a people cold, cruel, and perfidious tyrants when in power, and slaves out of authority. It is a fit thing in a moralist of such a nation, to burst into an apostrophe of rapture, in admiration of one whose virtue can resist the temptation to violate a woman who is found alone.\* When the first circle of our affections is broken, it would be absurd to expect a Curtius, a Decius, a Codrus, or a Brutus. It is only in a nation capable of producing mothers like Cornelia, and daughters like the Roman heroine, (who is celebrated by Valerius Maximus as having gone every day to the prison in which her father was condemned to starve, for the pious purpose of sustaining an exhausted parent with the milk of her own bosom,) that prodigies of patriotism or friendship can exist. There is no essential, fundamental distinction between the institutions of Asia and Europe, which can explain the very opposite phenomena which they have constantly exhibited through a succession of so many ages, but this of polygamy. Both the Greeks and Romans confined themselves to one wife until the reign of Valentinian, about 370 years after the christian æra. And though his edict allowed a plurality of wives, the privilege seems to have been little used, even while it continued; and the decree was repealed in a few years by Theodosius.

It is a pleasure to turn from the disgusting details of eastern voluptuousness and profligacy, to the more refined morality of our European ancestry: And I hope you will pardon me for considering a moment the particular causes which gave this ascendancy to Greece and Rome, and rendered them in fact the authors of the intellectual and moral regeneration of mankind.

Ancient Greece, (in which I do not include Macedonia,) was a peninsula, extending between the Archipelago and Ionian sea; the Pelopponesus was very nearly separated from the continent; and the Isthmus between the Saronic and Corinthian gulfs being but a few miles wide, we could not select a spot on the whole map of Europe more fit to be the cradle of its civilization and of its glory. The Greeks could, by the very figure of their country,† easily defend themselves from the barbarians on the north, and on all the other sides they were accessible only by sea. With a genial climate and fertile soil, population increased, civil institutions became necessary; the germ was imported, and every thing being apt for its development, it soon expanded into a luxuriance and maturity which those of few nations have ever attained. Having no exact local sections, the Greeks naturally spoke nearly the same language,

\* This is actually done by a classical writer of China. See Du Halde and Montesquieu.

† This idea is suggested by a fine reflection in Burke's fragment of the history of England.

and had similar institutions and customs. The nature of their governments, and perhaps the temper of the people, forbade the extension of the same authority over a great surface. They were divided into many small republics. They vied with each other in arms; they were competitors for glory at the Olympic games, where the prowess and genius of many rival nations contended before the eyes of assembled Greece, for every species of distinction. There Pindar and Corinna showed the triumphs of genius in both the sexes—there Herodotus drew tears from Thucydides, as he listened to the recital of his history—there the concentrated public opinion of many nations, animated and exalted by the great theatre on which they acted, established what was tantamount to a national law by substituting moral principle for fraud and violence. This confederacy of emulous states was still farther cemented by the common respect paid to the Delphic oracle. We learn from Thucydides that the Lacedemonians entered into a war to restore the oracle to the Delphians; and that treaties often commenced with a reciprocal vow to protect the liberty of Delphi. For this jealousy there were strong political reasons. The oracle might have been converted into an instrument of oppression, if Delphi had been subjected to the will of a particular state. Greece then was more civilized than surrounding nations, because its people were more intimately associated; and this was, because its climate and soil gave it a considerable population which was on all sides guarded and compressed by physical barriers. Much also, no doubt is due to the early lawgivers, the Solons and Lycurgus\* of the several states, who, with a prophetic genius incorporated into their systems those moral elements which liberalize ambition, and expand the heart. But, had Greece been on all sides assailable by the Persians, it could never have reached the power, the refinement, and the splendour, to which it attained. A nation, therefore, must not only have good institutions, but ability to preserve them.

Italy had still greater physical advantages than Greece, by its geographical situation. Civilization was carried from Greece to Italy, as it had been before carried from Egypt to Greece. The Alps fenced out for many ages the flood of northern invasion. Had not this barrier been interposed the Romans could not so long have defied the envy and the hatred of these Barbarians, who afterwards subverted the empire.

The refinement which Rome imported from Greece, and which in many respects she improved,\* was spread over Europe in seven centuries of civilizing conquests. When that great empire was dismembered, Europe resolved itself by new political affinities into many small monarchies. The universal dominion of Rome enabled it to throw off all responsibility to human opinion. There was no neutral territory in which the victim of imperial despotism might claim the protection due to persecuted innocence. The equality subsisting be-

\* Both Polybius, and Dionysius Halicarnasseus, admit the superior domestic morality of the Romans.

tween the governments of modern Europe rendered the rulers of each in some degree responsible to the judgment of surrounding nations. Separated as these monarchies were by natural boundaries and political institutions, they were still united by the christian religion; and though their respective populations were never, like the Greeks, blended together in olympic games; the crusades, the pilgrimages, the celebrated universities, the common respect paid to the pope, &c. offered points of adhesion sufficient to diffuse the spirit and refinement which had revived in Italy, throughout the continent. These general causes operated more rapidly and more successfully in particular portions of Europe, than in others, from the great qualities of their early rulers. Thus the genius and heroic enterprise of Charlemagne accelerated the progress of the arts in France in the eighth century, and contributed to diffuse, though faintly, the rays of civilization beyond the Rhine.

But to return to the Cherokees. Being now nearly surrounded by the descendants of Europeans, they are no longer in danger of incursions from barbarous enemies: and it is not to be supposed that there is any such difference between the varieties of the human race as that any portion of it is utterly unsusceptible of civilization. Let us at least adopt the hypothesis most favourable to them, and endeavour to infuse into them the true spirit of refinement. For it is manifest, that to attempt the reformation of savages by teaching them the arts, which are often the irksome effects of civilization, will be to begin at the wrong end. He who should pretend to teach surveying in a country where there was no property in land, or navigation where there were neither ships, seamen, nor water, would be looked upon as little better than a madman. Yet they who are at infinite pains in teaching the Indians to read, commit nearly the same absurdity. There is no intercourse among them which renders letters necessary, and to love letters for the pleasure they afford, is one of the last refinements of intellectual improvement. The arts are for the gratification of our wants; they must feel the wants before they can value the arts which supply them.

Nature has made us sufficiently careful of our individual interests. The morality which it is the part of education to inculcate, refers principally to our relation with others. It teaches us to respect the rights both of person and of property of every individual. The first personal relation in the order of nature, and the nearest which individuals can have, is that of husband and wife; which gives rise to the next, of parent and child. Here our moral obligations have their origin, and flowing as from a fountain, stream and branch into the order of our duties, connecting individuals, and families, and nations, and generations. As I have before said, neither of these relations subsists among the Cherokees. The father does not know his child, nor consequently the child his father. Reformation must therefore begin by instituting marriage as a solemn and inviolable compact. Respect for it will impose salutary restraints on the brutal propensities of savage man. It is it which

teaches us to sacrifice an apparent self interest to a liberal and honorable feeling: if not the creator of moral sentiment, it purifies and exalts it. In marriage, self interest and social duty are first interwoven in that exquisite tissue which leads us as with a clue, unconsciously to tread the mazes of the one while we imagine we are following directly the other. A wife and children humanize the heart, not only by the immediate intercourse which must subsist between husband and wife, parent and child, but incidentally also, by extending and multiplying those relations which leave it more in the power of every individual to do us injuries and favours. At the same time they make us more happy; they make our happiness depend more on others, and consequently render it our interest to conciliate their good opinion by reciprocal kindness and affection. The truth of this is strikingly illustrated in civilized life, where those who have grown old without forming such connexions are proverbially selfish, morose, and ill natured; though there are certainly cases in which particular individuals of extraordinary enlargement of mind, and of a sort of sublimity of moral character, extend their sympathies with a general benevolence to all mankind. But it must be remembered that they have been formed in the school of the social virtues,

The selfish principle is left to its full operation in savage life, without the salutary counteraction of any opposing one. This explains some of their customs. The prejudice against marrying into the same clan is not a moral aversion, but a mere regulation of policy, designed to extend the connexions, and consequently the influence of the clan. Again; it is, perhaps, a sentiment of filial piety which creates reverence to age, which savages invariably want, though deference to power has been often mistaken for it. I was struck, at a house at which we lodged, with finding a very old warrior seamed and disfigured with scars, nearly consumed by disease, lying on a deer skin in an open porch. The young persons about him, instead of soothing the sorrows of their dying chief, by cheering the languors of decrepitude and age, amused themselves by singing and dancing near him, as if in mockery of his infirmities. I was the more interested in the fate of the old man, because he was the best antiquarian we found in the nation. By means of an interpreter we extracted from him information, which we asked in vain of another intelligent chief above forty years of age. So soon do traditions perish. It is a melancholy consideration, that the aged of so large a portion of the world are left to die, often from inattention, amidst the unfeeling revelry of the young—and that all the children of many nations are orphans from their birth. All this is owing to the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes; or what is nearly as bad, a plurality of wives, which has ever been so constant a concomitant of the barbarous state, that Tacitus remarks it as a peculiarity of the Germans, that they were content with one wife, and for this very reason perhaps, they were no barbarians.\*

\* *Nam prope soli barbarorum singulis uxoribus contenti sunt. De Mor. Ger. c. 18.*

The next necessary element of civilization is respect for property. This is in some degree the result of the social system which follows marriage. Let us, however, accelerate it by wise institutions. Let us teach them permanently to possess, improve, and transmit lands as the most fixed and durable of our possessions.

Respect for marriage rites, and property once established, the germ of civilization is complete; a germ which may, like every other, develop itself in an infinite variety of ways, according to the accidental combination of circumstances which accompany its growth; but sufficient of itself to ensure the existence of a regular society under some one of its various modifications.

At present the Cherokees look upon marriage as a deplorable servitude of the men,—whom they consider to be the natural masters to the women;—and upon all separate possession of land as a violation of their natural rights. Under such a system, though they may glut every market with bullocks, and spin ever so fine a thread, they will not be more civilized than when Columbus discovered America, and they chased buffalo instead of cattle, and wore panther skins instead of cloth.

I shall say nothing of the schemes for converting them to Christianity, because the exertions of the missionaries are too disinterested and too honorable to be depreciated. But the institutions of the Indians must be altered before they can be converted to our religion. There is almost a solecism in words when we speak of adultery where there is no marriage—theft where there is no property—and murder where it is not only allowable, but praiseworthy to kill.

The worthy enthusiasts who have thought to civilize barbarians by the arts, have been grossly deceived in the success of their experiment. The Cherokees have to be sure a few looms, on which the white emigrants for the most part weave a very indifferent cotton cloth. It was particularly injudicious to introduce at the outset, labour so irksome and solitary as that of the loom. We should have given them a more social employment, where the advantages of co-operation would be manifest and striking. It is highly important to bring individuals into friendly contact. Improvement is diffused through the different classes of society nearly in the direct ratio of the intercourse between their members. Commercial information is nearly equal throughout the trading part of the world, because there is constant correspondence between merchants of all countries, while it is not uncommon to see the agriculture of one country 30 or 40 years behind that of an adjoining one, because agriculturists do not correspond with one another, and are from necessity secluded from the world. This want of information is not confined to their agricultural pursuits. They have less knowledge of other subjects than from their leisure they should have. They, more particularly than others, labour under the fatal error of relying entirely upon what is called *plain practical sense*, to the exclusion of all general principles, which are discarded under the reproachful appellation of *theory*. These gentlemen

of plain practical sense do not perceive that they are guilty of the absurdity of preferring their own experience to that of all mankind. The theory of a science is nothing but a compilation of general rules derived from an infinite number of experiments and observations; and no theory is sound which does not correspond with the results of such experiments and observations. Let not farmers refuse to employ the means for increasing the productiveness of the earth, because they have not discovered them.

Not only the labours, but the amusements of the Cherokees then, should be social. The principal sport in which they indulge, though in other respects as fine an athletic exercise as any known to the Greeks, is entirely a game of contention. I believe that more might be done towards reclaiming them from barbarism by judicious national games which should call them together in crowds three or four times a year, than by all the schools and all the looms with which we have supplied them.

The final catastrophe of this simple and interesting nation is susceptible of the following contingencies.

I. That they abandon their country as it is encroached on by their white neighbours, and exhibit a new succession of similar phenomena on some more western territory.

II. That they remain, mix with the white population, and lose both their colour and institutions.

III. That they remain separate from the white population, and attain a sufficient degree of civilization to be admitted into the American confederacy, or to establish a regular government of their own.

The first contingency will doubtless happen to a certain extent: indeed it has already begun. It may either continue until they disappear from their present territory entirely, or it may only accelerate the completion of one of the two remaining contingencies. The emigration of the Cherokees to the Arkansa, began at the close of the revolutionary war—when a few individuals who had enriched themselves by plunder in that long contest, chose rather to fly from their country, than make restitution of the stolen property. This colony has drawn to it many of the young and adventurous, who grew impatient under the approach of the white population. Their numbers are now considerable, and their habits the same with those of the original nation.

The second contingency will be facilitated by the preference which the Indians of both sexes manifest for the European race. It has already advanced very far. Difference of colour in the human race does not excite so inconquerable an aversion as the owners of negro slaves imagine. The Spaniards mixed with the Moors, and have since intermarried with the South American Indians.

The third, though to a certain extent a possible, is a very improbable contingency. The two first, the emigration of many of the natives, and the mixture of such as remain with the white population, will in a short time efface the colour and change the

savage habits of this nation. And the euthanasia of the Cherokees, which will probably be that of all the other tribes, will be, to lose every characteristic which distinguishes them from the European race; even their colour, and to be incorporated into the American republic.

When we consider how fruitless every individual attempt has proved, to correct the instincts of savage nature by the restraints of education, and the difficulty in all cases of sowing the seeds of improvement among barbarous nations, it may well be doubted whether the progress of emigration, and of their mixture with the white population, will not in every case be so much more rapid than their advancement in civilization, as to preclude even the possibility of any part of North America, ever exhibiting the phenomenon of a society of civilized aborigines. Should it do so, it would only retard, and could not prevent their ultimate disappearance. Nor indeed can I perceive the moral good or political advantage of preserving for ever the distinct varieties of the human race. It is rather to be desired that this original curse inflicted upon us, should be mercifully repealed, and that tribes and nations which have long lived in alienation and hostility, should gently be blended into one homogeneous people. At the same time, every one must commend the very laudable zeal with which our government, especially the executive branch of it, have laboured to reclaim this wretched nation to a happier system of life. It is surely an object worthy the ambition of any statesman to imitate the example of the first civilizers of mankind, by engraving on their rude customs the great fundamental principles of social refinement, principles to which we are indebted for most that is good, and for all that is great or glorious in our nature.

The exertions of the Moravian missionaries are also particularly worthy of praise. They have laboured with zeal, and without ostentation, to diffuse the lights of revelation over this benighted portion of mankind.

The Cherokees correspond in their general personal appearance with the other Aborigines of North America. The men are straight, slender, well proportioned, but rather small. They have round limbs, shoulders rather narrow, and small feet and hands. The women, bent by untimely burthens, haggard with early toil, and withered by the rude shocks to which they are prematurely exposed, are truly ugly. The order of nature itself is inverted in this *state of nature*. The severest labours devolve on those who are least able to perform them.

It has been remarked that children are always graceful in their motions. There is undoubtedly an ease, an energy, and a certain grace, in the manners of our savages. Except when spoiled by their intercourse with profligate white people, they are seldom rude, and never constrained in their deportment. They have a dignity and elevation of carriage, with an air of complacency,

without assurance or arrogance; and however unused to their situation, never betray astonishment, or suffer from *mauvaise honte*.

It is pleasing to observe that barbarians as the native Americans were, they were not such monsters as the advocates of the theory of the degeneracy of American nature would make us believe. Though less advanced than the Gauls and Germans whom Cæsar describes, (for they had complicated institutions and the use of letters\*) they have no such terrible and ferocious customs.

So far as I am informed, no tribe of American savages recognise the authority of men to kill the women whom we call their wives, nor the children who are reputed theirs. The ancient Gauls did both. Even the relations of a deceased husband used to catechise the wife in a most insulting manner, as to the cause of his death; and if she could not give a satisfactory account of the matter, she was put to death with torture.† In these respects the Cherokees are more humane than the ancient Gauls or early Romans. The Romans sold their children, and were allowed to put to death such as were deformed at three years of age.

The hypothesis of the degeneracy of nature in the new continent, is now well explained. So long as the European colonies were confined to the sea coast, men and other animals pined under the influence of a noxious air. Now that the population has advanced beyond the mountains, it can vie in size, symmetry, activity, intelligence, and strength with the most favoured portions of Europe.

These are the principal reflections which occur to me after the lapse of two years since I was in the country of the Cherokees, without the intention at the time, of publishing any remarks on their institutions, for indeed I found very little which could amuse or instruct you. I shall be happy if my opinions can contribute to the adoption of better means for the amelioration of their condition.

The first village we reached in which we could be understood, on emerging from this wilderness of barbarism, was Athens in Georgia. The circumstance recalled to our minds the words of a Roman exile to a country once as uncultivated.

‘ *Hic quoque sunt igitur Graiae (quis crederet) urbes,  
Inter inhumanæ nomina barbariae.*’

I was glad that my exile was not by the decree of a Roman emperor, but the suggestion of a capricious curiosity. It is gratified, and I assure you there is nothing so captivating in this golden age of society, as to induce me again to exchange the comforts of civilized life, for the privations and miseries of an Indian wigwam.

\* In describing the institutions of the Druids, Cæsar says ‘ *publicis privatisque rationibus (Græcis) literis utuntur.*’ Lib. vi. Bel. Gal.

† Cæsar. *De Bel. Gal.* Lib. vi.

**ART. III. On Acid Liquors and the Consequences of using them,  
particularly on WINE.**

SIR,

Much contest has arisen among the professors of medicine, whether diseases are to be attributed in any degree to the chemical qualities of the food taken into the stomach, and the liquids extracted from that food by the digestive and assimilating organs—or whether disease and perhaps life itself, be not exclusively owing to the operation of stimuli upon the living fibre of the animal body, producing, when in excess or in defect, morbid action. ‘Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?’ not I. Still, without pretending to enter minutely into this dispute, I should think that the blood and its stimulating qualities will be very different in two men, one of whom drinks a pint of water daily as the only liquid at his dinner, and another who drinks daily a bottle of porter and a pint of Madeira. A physician may talk about stimulus as much as he pleases, but the characters both of health and disease, are very different in a Hindoo who lives upon rice and water, and an European who swallows turtle-soup, beef-stakes, brandy and Port wine. Whatever properties of being stimulated the solids may possess, the fluids that stimulate them, must partake of the nature of the substances out of which they are extracted.

In the Philosophical Transactions for 1811, p. 345, Mr. W. T. Brande, editor of the Journal of Science and the Arts, at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, published a table showing the proportion of alcohol or spirit of wine contained in 100 parts by measure of the wines experimented on. The table is as follows:—

In the first column the Wine is specified; the second contains its specific gravity after distillation, the third exhibits the proportion of the pure spirit, which every hundred parts of the Wine contain.

WINE.	Specific gravity after distillation.	Proportion of alcohol, per cent. by measure.
Port	0,97616	21,40
Ditto	0,97532	22,30
Ditto	0,97430	23,39
Ditto	0,97400	23,71
Ditto	0,97346	24,29
Ditto	0,97200	25,83
Madeira	0,97810	19,34
Ditto	0,97616	27,40
Ditto	0,97380	23,93
Ditto	0,97333	24,42
Sherry	0,97913	18,25
Ditto	0,97862	18,79
Ditto	0,97765	19,81
Ditto	0,97700	19,83
Claret	0,98440	12,91
Ditto	0,98320	14,08
Ditto	0,98092	16,32
Calcavella	0,97920	18,10

WINE.	Specific gravity after distillation.	Proportion of alco- hol, per cent. by measure.
Lisbon	0,97846	18,94
Malaga	0,98000	17,26
Bucellas	0,97890	18,49
Red Madeira	0,97899	18,40
Malmsey Madeira	0,98090	16,40
Marsala	0,97196	25,87
Ditto	0,98000	17,26
Red Champagne	0,98608	11,30
White Champagne	0,98450	12,80
Burgundy	0,98300	14,53
Ditto	0,98540	11,95
White Hermitage	0,97990	17,43
Red Hermitage	0,98495	12,32
Hock	0,98290	14,37
Ditto	0,98873	8,88
Vin de Grave	0,98450	12,80
Frontignac	0,98452	12,79
Cote Roti	0,98495	12,32
Rousillon	0,98005	17,26
Cape Madeira	0,97924	18,11
Cape Muschat	0,97913	18,25
Constantia	0,97770	19,75
Tent	0,98399	13,30
Sheraaz	0,98176	15,52
Syracuse	0,98200	15,28
Nice	0,98263	14,63
Tokay	0,98760	9,88
Raisin Wine	0,97205	25,77
Grape Wine	0,97925	18,11
Currant Wine	0,97696	20,55
Gooseberry Wine	0,98550	11,84
Elder Wine	0,98760	9,87
Cyder*	0,98760	9,87
Perry	0,98760	9,87
Brown stout	0,99116	6,80
Ale	0,98873	8,88
Brandy	0,93544	53,39
Rum	0,93494	53,68
Hollands	0,93865	51,60

This table he afterwards corrected as follows in the 8th and 9th numbers of the Journal above mentioned.

\* Table exhibiting the average Quantity of Spirit in different kind of Wine. By W. T. BRANDE, Esq. Sec. R. S. &c.

Since the publication of the researches upon the state of spirit in fermented liquors, contained in the Philosophical Transactions for the

\* The proportion of spirit, which may be attained from Cyder, Ale, and Porter (or Brown Stout) is subject to considerable variation in different samples: the number given for each, in this table, is therefore the mean of several experiments, as it did not seem necessary to specify them separately.

years 1811 and 1813, I have through the kindness of different friends had ample opportunities of extending my experiments, and to my former list of wines, already copious, a few additions have been made, of which I have from time to time given notice, and which are put down in the following table. It does not seem necessary, in this place, to allude to the experimental details, nor to notice the precautions required in conducting the distillations, as these are fully given in the papers above noticed, I have therefore omitted the column, which will be found in the Philosophical Transactions (1811, page 345.) showing the specific gravity of the distilled liquor, upon which the calculations are founded.

	Proportion of Spirit per cent. by measure.	Proportion of Spirit per cent. by measure.
1. Lissa . . .	26,47	19,20
Ditto . . .	24,35	18,10
Average	25,41	18,65
2. Raisin wine . . .	26,40	19,25
Ditto . . .	25,77	17,26
Ditto . . .	23,20	17,26
Average	25,12	17,43
3. Marsala . . .	26, 3	19,00
Ditto . . .	25, 5	17,26
Average	25, 9	18,13
4. Madeira . . .	24,42	17,11
Ditto . . .	23,93	16,32
Ditto (Sercial)	21,49	14,08
Ditto . . .	19,24	12,91
Average	22,27	15,10
5. Currant wine . . .	20,55	16,40
6. Sherry . . .	19,81	15,52
Ditto . . .	19,83	15,52
Ditto . . .	18,79	15,28
Ditto . . .	18,25	14,22
Average	19,17	16,60
7. Teneriffe . . .	19,79	15,22
8. Celares . . .	19,75	14,53
9. Lachryma Christi . . .	19,70	11,95
10. Constantia, white . . .	19,75	Average 14,57
11. Ditto, red . . .	18,92	14,37
12. Lisbon . . .	18,94	13,00
13. Malaga (1666) . . .	18,94	Ditto (old in cask) 8,88
14. Bucellas . . .	18,49	Average 12,08
15. Red Madeira . . .	22,30	33. Nice . . . 14,63
Ditto . . .	18,40	34. Barsac . . . 13,86
Average	20,35	35. Tent . . . 13,30
16. Cape Muschat . . .	18,25	36. Champagne (still) . . . 13,80
17. Cape Madeira . . .	22,94	Ditto (sparkling) . . . 12,80
Ditto . . .	20,50	Ditto (red) . . . 12,56
Ditto . . .	18,11	Ditto (ditto) . . . 11,30
Average	20,51	Average 12,61
18. Grape wine . . .	18,11	37. Red Hermitage . . . 12,32

	Proportion of Spirit per cent. by measure.		Proportion of Spirit per cent. by measure.
38. Vin de Grave . . .	13,94	samples . . .	7,26
Ditto . . .	12,80	47. Mead . . .	7,32
Average . . .	13,37	48. Ale (Burton) . . .	8,88
39. Frontignac . . .	12,79	Ditto (Edinburgh) . . .	6,20
40. Cote Rotie . . .	12,32	Ditto (Dorchester) . . .	5,56
41. Gooseberry wine . .	11,84	Average . . .	6,87
42. Orange wine,—average of six samples made by a London manufacturer	11,26	49. Brown stout . . .	6,80
43. Tokay . . .	9,88	50. London Porter (average) . . .	4,20
44. Elder wine . . .	9,87	51. Ditto small beer (ditto) . . .	1,28
45. Cyder, highest average . . .	9,87	52. Brandy . . .	53,39
Ditto lowest ditto . . .	5,21	52. Rum . . .	53,68
46. Perry, average of four . . .		53. Gin . . .	51,60
		54. Scotch Whiskey . . .	54,32
		55. Irish ditto . . .	53,90

Some omissions in the List of Wines given in the last Number will be found rectified in the following Table, exhibiting the average Quantity of Spirit (alcohol) in different kinds of Wine. By W. T. Brande, Esq. Sec. R. S. &c.

	Proportion of Spirit per cent. by measure.		Proportion of Spirit per cent. by measure.
1. Lissa . . .	26,47	10. La <sup>ch</sup> ryma Christi . . .	19,70
Ditto . . .	24,35	11. Constantia, white . . .	19,75
Average . . .	25,41	12. Ditto, red . . .	18,92
2. Raisin wine . . .	26,40	13. Lisbon . . .	18,94
Ditto . . .	25,77	14. Malaga (1666) . . .	18,94
Ditto . . .	23,20	15. Bucellas . . .	18,49
Average . . .	25,12	16. Red Madeira . . .	22,30
3. Marsala . . .	26,03	Ditto . . .	18,40
Ditto . . .	25,05	Average . . .	20,35
Average . . .	25,09	17. Cape Muschat . . .	18,25
4. Port . . .	25,83	18. Cape Madeira . . .	22,94
Ditto . . .	24,29	Ditto . . .	20,50
Ditto . . .	23,71	Ditto . . .	18,11
Ditto . . .	23,39	Average . . .	20,51
Ditto . . .	22,30	19. Grape wine . . .	18,11
Ditto . . .	21,40	20. Calcavella . . .	19,20
Ditto . . .	19,00	Ditto . . .	18,10
Average . . .	22,96	Average . . .	18,65
5. Madeira . . .	24,42	21. Vidonia . . .	19,25
Ditto . . .	23,93	22. Alba Flora . . .	17,26
Ditto (Sercial) . . .	21,40	23. Malaga . . .	17,26
Ditto . . .	19,24	24. White Hermitage . . .	17,43
Average . . .	22,27	25. Rousilion . . .	19,00
6. Currant wine . . .	20,55	Ditto . . .	17,26
7. Sherry . . .	19,81	Average . . .	18,13
Ditto . . .	19,83	26. Claret Chateau Margot . . .	17,11
Ditto . . .	18,79	Ditto . . .	16,32
Ditto . . .	18,25	Ditto Lafite . . .	14,08
Average . . .	19,17	Ditto . . .	12,91
8. Teneriffe . . .	19,75	Average . . .	15,10
9. Colares . . .	19,79	27. Malmsey Madeira . . .	16,40

	Proportion of Spirit per cent. by measure.	Proportion of Spirit per cent. by measure.	
28. Lunel . . . . .	15,52	42. Gooseberry wine . . . . .	11,84
29. Sheraaz . . . . .	15,52	43. Orange wine,—average of six samples made by a London manufacturer.	11,26
30. Syracuse . . . . .	15,28	44. Tokay . . . . .	9,88
31. Sauterne . . . . .	14,22	45. Elder wine . . . . .	8,79
32. Burgundy . . . . .	16,60	46. Cyder, highest average . . . . .	9,87
Ditto . . . . .	15,22	Ditto (lowest ditto) . . . . .	5,21
Ditto . . . . .	14,53	47. Perry, average of four samples . . . . .	7,26
Ditto . . . . .	11,95	48. Mead . . . . .	7,32
Average . . . . .	14,57	49. Ale (Burton) . . . . .	8,88
33. Hock . . . . .	14,37	Ditto (Edinburgh) . . . . .	6,20
Ditto . . . . .	13,00	Ditto (Dorchester) . . . . .	5,56
Ditto (old in cask) . . . . .	8,88	Average . . . . .	6,87
Average . . . . .	12,08	Ditto (Lincolnshire) . . . . .	10,84
34. Nice . . . . .	14,63	Ditto (ditto) . . . . .	9,85
35. Barsac . . . . .	13,86	50. Brown stout . . . . .	6,80
36. Tent . . . . .	13,30	51. London Porter (average) . . . . .	4,20
37. Champagne (still) . . . . .	13,80	52. Ditto small beer (ditto) . . . . .	1,28
Ditto (sparkling) . . . . .	12,80	53. Brandy . . . . .	53,39
Ditto (red) . . . . .	12,56	54. Rum . . . . .	53,68
Ditto (ditto) . . . . .	11,30	55. Gin . . . . .	51,60
Average . . . . .	12,61	56. Scotch Whiskey . . . . .	54,32
38. Red Hermitage . . . . .	12,32	57. Irish ditto . . . . .	53,90
39. Vin de Grave . . . . .	13,94	58. Hollands (genuine) . . . . .	56,00
Ditto . . . . .	12,80		
Average . . . . .	13,37		
40. Frontignac . . . . .	12,79		
41. Cote Rotie . . . . .	12,32		

These tables are very important, in as much as they show the far more than suspected proportion of ardent spirit, which people take, who are habitually wine drinkers. Thus, a bottle of Madeira, appears from these experiments to contain at least one-fourth of a bottle of the strongest brandy. Now a man who being habitually a grog drinker, and who would take his beverage in the proportion of two or even three parts of *water* to one of fourth proof brandy, would be accounted very fond of the stimulus: but if three parts of *wine* be mixed with one part of such brandy, it passes off as a moderate liquor, very fit to make the dinner digest, which grave and sober men have indulged in. Thus verifying the old adage, that one man may more safely steal a horse, than another can look over the hedge!

The subject has been taken up by judge Cooper, in another point of view. He experimented on the quantity of *acid* taken into the stomach by persons who indulged in the daily use of wine: being of opinion as it should seem, that acids were one of the chief causes, though not the only cause of the disease called gout. A disease, which proteus-like, sometimes appears in the form of rheumatism, sometimes of colic, of erysipelas, of phlegmon, of herpes and impetigines, of inflammation of the kidneys, stone and gravel, spasm of the stomach, ophthalmia, &c. &c.; and which no quack-medicine is competent to cure, whether it be the compound of

bitters called Portland powder, the ginger tea of sir Joseph Banks, the Eau Medicinale of Dr. Husson, the Hellebore of Mr. Moore, or the Colchicum of sir Everard Home. They are all founded in ignorance of the general laws that regulate the physiology and pathology of the human system. The forms of gout are various; and so dissimilar, as to make us hesitate whether we should give a common name to diseases of such heterogeneous appearances. The disease is a diathesis, or constitution that has gradually become morbid; habitually, the consequence of some years of imprudence and indulgence; which sometimes occasions one part and sometimes another to be affected, as the particular part affected is less liable to resist the effect of morbid action. This gouty diathesis, or habitual morbid action producing local irregularities of the circulating fluids, may be relieved by medicine, but can only be cured by regimen; not by a medicine that is to operate as a charm. If a fit of the gout be taken off by the eau medicinale for instance, it is only to reappear with more force at a shorter period than usual. Judge Cooper took up the theory of acidity as one of the primary causes of gout, induced I suppose by his professional habit of considering subjects in a chemical point of view, and the change induced in the chemical nature of the fluids by particular modes of diet: and there is no doubt of his facts; or of his reasoning upon those facts so far as they go. But gout depends, not merely on acid and an acid state of the bodily fluids, which I believe are always present in gouty persons, but also on morbid action of the overloaded and highly stimulated solids; stimulated if you please into morbid action by acid secretions; whereby the blood is irregularly impelled, and local plethora and inflammation, for the most part, excited. Hence a fit of the gout, is in most cases, a salutary effort of nature to relieve the system; and we ought not suddenly to remove it if we could, where it affects a part that puts life in no danger; as the toe or the ankle.

In experimenting with wines, judge Cooper took four ounces by measure of the common vinegar used for domestic purposes, and saturated it with the salt of tartar of the shops, till it would no longer change the colour of litmus paper, either blue or red.

Four ounces of vinegar required of this salt of tartar to

saturate it	- - - - -	193 grains
very good claret,	- - - - -	19
good port wine,	- - - - -	21 1-3
Madeira	- - - - -	24
Fayal,	- - - - -	24
Massala from Sicily,	- - - - -	25 1-3
Currant wine	- - - - -	25 1-3

Hence upon the average from  $\frac{1}{9}$  to  $\frac{1}{8}$  part of wine, consists of vinegar of the usual strength with that commonly used at table. This vinegar in wine, consists, partly of acetic acid, and partly of tartaric acid formed or developed during the fermentation of the juice of the grape, and which is contained in far greater quantity in new, than in old wines. Both these acids, appear to be con-

vertible by the usual processes of digestion and assimilation in the human body, into the lithic and phosphoric acids. The diathesis of gout occasions the lithic acid to be formed in morbid abundance. Hence the chalk stones of the gout, the gravel of the kidneys, and the stone in the bladder. Physicians who are chemists know this. Physicians who are not chemists, and who take for granted that the state and composition of the fluids of the body, have nothing to do with disease, will do well to reconsider their opinions.

About a year afterwards, Dr. Anthony Carlisle of London, F.R.S. F.S.A. F.L.S. with half a dozen more titles of honour annexed to his professional name, published an Essay on the disorders incident to old age; in which he takes the same view of the subject as judge Cooper has done: and his experiments are well worth presenting to the reader.

TABLE of the Medicinal Alkalies and Earths required to neutralize the Free Acids contained in certain Wines, and Malt Liquors.

‘The Alkalies and Earths used in Medicine, as correctives for acidity in the stomach, and obtained from Apothecaries’ Hall, were preferred for obvious reasons.

‘Specimens of several kinds of good Wines from Gentlemen’s cellars were employed, without any regard to the years of vintage or the dates of bottling, and the average of numerous trials upon Wines of different qualities are faithfully recorded.

‘Due time was always allowed for the operation of the tests, and much pains bestowed upon ascertaining the exact state of neutralization.

‘The facts elicited from those trials, being wholly intended for medicinal and dietetic application, all particular minutiae are intentionally omitted.

‘Some remarkable and unexpected discordances occurred in the relative proportions of Alkalies and Earth, required to neutralize different wines, and which may be owing to the varying affinities of native acids, derived from the fruits, and the acid products of fermentation, as they regarded the several tests.

‘The peculiar acids of Fermented Liquors being at present but imperfectly known to Chymists, some practical good may arise from this gross display of acid liquors, both in the adaptation of the medicinal doses of anti-acids, and in the choice of wines where disordered acidity of the stomach prevails.

‘The annexed table exhibits gross proofs of the quantity of Free Acid contained in some ordinary fruits, and which may serve as a dietetic indication; exclusive of the additional acid produced by fermentation in the stomach.

‘**TABLE of the Medicinal Alkalies and Earths required to neutralize the Acid Juices contained in Lemons, Oranges, and certain Apples.**

	NEUTRALIZED BY	Grains.	Drops by measure.
For a common sized Lemon.	Henry’s calcined Magnesia	-	30
	Carbonate of Potash	-	38
	Sub-carbonate of Soda	-	34
	Prepared Chalk	-	52
	Liquid Potash	-	80
	Liquid Ammonia	-	92
A common sized Sweet Orange.	Henry’s calcined Magnesia	-	12
	Carbonate of Potash	-	9
	Sub-carbonate of Soda	-	6
	Prepared Chalk	-	16
	Liquid Potash	-	15
	Liquid Ammonia	-	18
An ordinary sized Nonpareil Apple.	Henry’s calcined Magnesia	-	7
	Carbonate of Potash	-	6
	Sub-carbonate of Soda	-	5
	Prepared Chalk	-	15
	Liquid Potash	-	14
	Liquid Ammonia	-	16

‘The sum of these tabulated experiments may be practically reduced to the following conclusions. An average bottle of ordinary Port Wine contains as much acid as will demand  $38\frac{1}{2}$  grains of magnesia, or  $71\frac{1}{2}$  of carbonate of potash, to saturate it: or the free acid in a bottle of Port wine may be roughly computed as equal to that of two lemons, or four nonpareil apples.

‘A habit of drinking any diluent liquors very freely, appears to be pernicious; such fluids not only relax the stomach, but also present the best medium for fermentations of the most unwholesome kind.

‘Every medical man ought to possess more accurate knowledge of the disorders which have occurred in his own person, than of those which belong to others; and I am satisfied, from that source of experience, that acids not only act upon the stomach and its contents, but they likewise pervade the whole body. I have constantly had an eruption of serous pimples on the skin within two hours after eating crude fruits; and have repeatedly felt a gouty pain and swelling in the large joint of the great toe, while drinking half a pint of Claret; and similar facts have been mentioned to me by numerous patients.

‘If the gout should be a humoral disease, occasioned by alimentary acids, then the diet and the corrective remedies are obvious; and experience seems to support this notion. That the gout is not a disease wholly attributable to fermented liquors is certain, because many water drinkers, and restrictive vegetable eaters, are subject to its attacks; but, perhaps, the true source of gout in such temperate persons may be found in the crude and fermentable articles of their diet. It is both an act of justice to the public and myself to add, that my practice, whenever it has come in contact with gouty persons, has been governed by the preceding views, and attended with unvarying beneficial results.’

In these tables then, of Mr. Brande, judge Cooper, and Dr. Carlisle, we have a full view of the constitution and effects of wine as to the quantity of ardent spirit, and of acid it contains. Now, if the stimulus of ardent spirits be calculated to produce excessive action at first, and debility afterwards—and if an acid state of the fluids have a tendency to produce or exacerbate gout and stone, which are beyond all doubt, essentially acid disorders, then is it any wonder, that wine should produce morbid action, and acid fluids? and that acid fluids should give birth to acid calculi, and acid gout-stones?

The considerations suggested by these tables, are so obvious and so interesting, that I think your readers will be very glad to see them for the first time thus brought under one view; and be induced perhaps, not to quit the use entirely, but to use moderately a beverage, which is so mischievously agreeable.

The following verses in praise of wine, are true only, when that liquor is taken as a medicine, or in great moderation at meals. As applied to the common use of wine in this country, they are a collection of panegyrical falsehoods. It is more truly and appropriately said, that gout is the offspring of Bacchus and Venus; nor is the child a favourite either with father or mother. In good truth, Bacchus and his offspring, have great reason to be ashamed of each other.

Exhilarat vinum; nutrit quoque; viscera firmat;  
 Et facile in quævis corporis arcta meat:  
 Conquoquit; et sumto mens fit generosior illo;  
 Pallida purpureo, membra colore nitent:  
 Inde redit vitæ novus halitus; inde senectus  
 Floreat; et numerat tempora longa coma.  
 Inde aucto fertur genitali semine quondam,  
 Mars Veneris niveum solicitasse thorum.

*Harchius.*

C.

ART. IV.—*American Poetry.* 1—The Poems, Odes, Songs, and other Metrical Effusions of Samuel Woodworth. Author of ‘The Champions of Freedom,’ &c. New York, 1818.

THE literary productions of our country, seem at last to have taken a start; and we may now venture to hope, that the charge of barrenness which has been brought against the American mind, will be disproved. Poetry, in particular, which has heretofore been treated as an exotic, and bore evident marks of its foreign extraction, has of late been discovered in various quarters of the union, and cultivated with considerable success. It is true, that of the many poetical works which now issue from the press, there are few which will bear a comparison with the effusions of our trans-atlantic brethren: yet an impetus being once given, we have no doubt, that in a comparatively short time, poets equal to those of other nations will spring up. In the mean time, however, there will be numerous failures; and hundreds on whom the true inspiration hath not descended, will light their farthing candles at the eternal lamp of some great master, and successively disappear.

Of the works before us, we think that of Mr. Woodworth entitled to the preference: both from the marks of genius visible in it, and the situation and life of the author. From the memoirs which the publishers have prefixed to this volume, it appears that Mr. Woodworth was born at Scituate, in the state of Massachusetts, on the 13th of January, 1785, and was the youngest of four children. His father was a soldier in the revolutionary army; it need scarcely be added that he was poor, and therefore unable to give his children a sufficient education.

‘At the age of fourteen, the extent of our author’s acquirements was a partial knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. No school was taught in the village, except during the three winter months; and as a mistaken idea of economy always governed the selection of a teacher, he was generally as ignorant as his pupils.

‘During the above period, however, the subject of this short biographical sketch, had produced several trifling effusions in verse, in which his schoolmaster and the clergyman of the parish thought they discovered traits of genius which deserved encouragement and cultivation. He was therefore, with the approbation of his parents, placed under the care of this clergyman (the Rev. Nehemiah Thomas) for whom our author always professes the greatest respect, esteem, and gratitude. In

the amiable family of this excellent man, master Woodworth remained one winter, during which time he was taught the English and Latin grammars, and made some proficiency in the study of the classics; but the unprofitable employment of writing verses, considerably retarded his more useful pursuits. He preferred a puff of present praise, to a real future good; and his advancement in life has ever since been opposed by the same unpropitious attachment to an art, which

“Found him poor at first, and keeps him so.”

‘The reverend preceptor was so highly pleased with his pupil’s docility, quickness of apprehension and strength of memory, that he began to contrive ways and means for giving him a liberal education. It is true that his own salary was very limited; yet, after consulting with several of his more wealthy parishioners, he found so much reason to anticipate success, that he imparted the project to the enraptured boy, who could hardly contain his joy at the prospect of his most ardent wish being at length gratified.

‘But the good clergyman and his unfortunate pupil were both destined to be disappointed. No one came forward to aid in the benevolent design—time rolled on—and his friends began to remind him that it would be necessary to learn some trade by which he might procure a livelihood. His feelings, at this time, could not have been pleasant, if we may be allowed to judge from the following extract from his poem of NEW HAVEN, published several years afterward, in which he alludes to the disappointment of his hopes of obtaining a collegiate education.

‘And here the muse bewails her hapless bard,  
Whose cruel fate such golden prospects marr’d;  
For Hope once whisper’d to his ardent breast,  
“Thy dearest, fondest wish, shall be possess’d;”  
Unfolded to his view the classic page,  
And all its treasures promised ripening age;  
Show’d Learning’s flowery path which led to Fame,  
Whose distant temple glitter’d with his name.  
Illusive all!—the phantom all believe,  
Though still we know her promises deceive;  
Chill penury convinced the wretch, too late,  
Her words were false, and his a hapless fate.’

He was at length bound apprentice to a printer in Boston, with whom he continued until the year 1806, occasionally indulging in his favourite pursuit, and contributing to the periodical publications under the signature of Selim. After failing in a plan which he meditated, of taking a tour of the United States, for the purpose of writing a description of his travels, he was compelled by the fear of a jail, to direct his views to the south. Accordingly having been furnished by a friend with sufficient funds to commence his tour, he set out with the expectation of finding employment in the way of his business, at the towns through which he was to pass, to enable him to reach New York. After repeated disappointments, he found himself at New Haven, with an empty purse, and fortunately procured a situation in the office of a printer. Here ‘he again gave loose to his natural disposition, by scrib-

bling verses, falling in love, and forming acquaintances; and having continued in the office about nine months, he resolved to undertake a literary publication of his own. Having procured a press and types, he commenced the hazardous enterprize, with the sanguine hopes of a young author.

‘We now behold him the editor, publisher, printer, and (more than once) carrier, of a weekly paper, entitled the *Belles-Lettres Repository*, dedicated to the ladies, and comprising eight pages, medium quarto—subscription price, two dollars per year, payable quarterly in advance.

‘As might have been expected, the cash received in advance was insufficient to support the expenses of the establishment for two months; when our young editor awoke from his dream of love, fame, and fortune, to a *feeling* sense of his real unfortunate situation. The publication of the Repository was, of course, immediately suspended, the printing materials returned to their original proprietor, and the inconsiderate adventurer found himself burdened with debts which he had no means of discharging. No time was to be lost; and, after compromising with some, submitting to the curses of others, lavishing fair promises on all, and venting his feelings in a poem of more than 600 lines, he left the city. By a few weeks’ employment in Hartford, he was enabled to return to Boston, after an absence of about twelve months, and from thence to his paternal home—

“The pale, dejected picture of despair.”

‘After spending a few days in Scituate, he again set out on foot, in search of fame and fortune; assuring his friends, in the most solemn manner, that he would never again revisit the spot of his birth, unless he was accompanied or preceded by one or both of the objects of his pursuit. This was the commencement of another painful separation, which has not yet terminated.’

In the summer of 1808 we find him in Baltimore, writing as usual for the newspapers; and in the succeeding spring at New York, where he has since continued to reside. At the latter place he published during the recent hostilities, a weekly paper called ‘The War;’ and at the same time, a monthly Magazine called ‘The Halcyon Luminary and Theological Repository,’ devoted to the promulgation of the tenets of the New Jerusalem church, of which it seems he is a sincere professor. Neither his military nor religious controversies appear, however, to have relieved that ‘consumption of the purse’ under which he had so long laboured. After being compelled to sell his office without defraying all the expenses of his establishment, he was applied to it seems by some *sagacious* bookseller, ‘to write a history of the late war, in the style of a *romance*, to be entitled the *Champions of Freedom*.’—The res angusta domi compelled him to undertake this singular task, from which, fettered as he was by his *Mæcenas*, he could expect to gain little credit.

‘In writing the *Champions of Freedom*, the author was confined, by the conditions of his engagement with the publisher, within a compass circumscribed by the latter. By these conditions he was compelled to connect *fiction* with *truth*; and, at all events, to give a complete and

correct account of the late war, however much the history of his hero and heroine might suffer in consequence. But this is not all; it is a fact, which we advance on the testimony of persons concerned, that the work was put to press as soon as two sheets were written; and that the author was often compelled to deliver his unrevised manuscript to the waiting compositor—*a dozen lines at a time!* This work was commenced in March, and ready for delivery in the October following; during the most of which period, the author faithfully discharged the duties of foreman in the office where it was printed.'

The book was accordingly very absurd, and suited we presume the taste of the publisher. After this we do not find that he appeared again as an author for some time. His pecuniary embarrassments have now led, it seems, to the publication of the volume before us.

The poetry of Mr. Woodworth although containing nothing very striking, is still we think entitled to no small share of praise. The language is almost uniformly harmonious, and we often see traits of nature and simplicity; and what we cannot help liking, Americanisms and American allusions. At all events, he is no copier of foreign poets and foreign ideas. We see no reason why, with so much to delight and interest around us, we should resort to the 'crambe bis cocta' of the British poets. We love to find our own scenery and manners in verse, and not those of any other country; and have no doubt that the Delaware, the Missouri, or the Ohio would flow as harmoniously through American lyrics, as the Tweed, the Thames, or the Avon. The longest poem in the book, is a kind of half satire, half eulogy on New Haven and the manners and customs of our New England brethren. It is written in many parts with considerable force and spirit, although on the whole not entitled to great praise. Another entitled 'Quarter Day, or the Horrors of the First of May,' is founded on a custom prevalent among the good people of New York of changing their places of abode on that day. It displays in strong, and in many instances pathetic language; the oppressions of landlords and the sufferings of tenants; and the cruelty as well as impolicy of the system of imprisonment in that state. We extract from the notes one of the many instances which he gives of the horrors of a jail.

'Some years since (says Howard) a young man by the name of Brown was cast into the prison of this city for debt. His manners were very interesting. His fine dark eyes beamed so much intelligence, his lively countenance expressed so much ingenuousness, that I was induced, contrary to my usual rule, to seek his acquaintance.—Companions in misery soon become attached to each.

'Brown was informed that one of his creditors would not consent to his discharge, that he had abused him very much, (as is usual in such cases) and made a solemn oath before his God to keep him in jail "till he rotted!" I watched Brown's countenance when he received this information, and whether it was fancy or not, I cannot say, but I thought I saw the cheering spirit of hope, in that moment, desert him for ever.

'Nothing gave Brown pleasure, but the daily visits of his amiable wife. By the help of a kind relation, she was able to give Brown, some-

times, soup, wine, and fruit, and every day, whether clear or stormy, she visited the prison to cheer the drooping spirits of her husband. She was uncommonly pretty. She seemed an angel, administering consolation to a man about to converse with angels. One day passed the hour of one o'clock, and she came not. Brown was uneasy. Two, three, and four o'clock passed, and she did not appear. Brown was distracted. A messenger arrived. Mrs. Brown was very dangerously ill, and supposed to be dying in a convulsive fit. As soon as Brown received this information he darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning. The inner door was open—and the jailer, who had just let some one in, was closing it as Brown passed violently through it. The jailer knocked him down with a massy iron key which he held in his hand, and Brown was carried lifeless and covered with blood, to his cell.

‘Mrs. Brown died—and her husband was denied even the sad privilege of closing her eyes. He lingered for some time, till at last, he called me one day, and, gazing on me while a faint smile played upon his lips—he said, “he believed death was more kind than his creditors.”—After a few convulsive struggles he expired!

‘Legislators and sages of America! permit me to ask you—how much benefit has that creditor derived from the imprisonment and consequent death of an amiable man, in the bloom of youth—who, without this cruelty, might have flourished, even now, an ornament and a glory to the nation?’

The smaller pieces in this volume are chiefly patriotic songs on the naval victories, written in a popular style, but rather overdoing the matter. We have no objection to seeing them, however, as they contribute to the support of a national feeling, that great desideratum of the republic. We extract the following little piece as creditable to the author’s taste and feelings.

#### EVENING.

‘Tis pleasant, when the world is still,  
And EVENING’s mantle shrouds the vale,  
To hear the pensive whip-poor-will  
Pour her deep notes along the dale;  
While through the self-taught rustic’s flute  
Wild warblings wake upon the gale,  
And from each thicket, marsh, and tree,  
The cricket, frog, and Katy-dee,  
With various notes assist the glee,  
Nor once through all the night are mute.

‘The streamlet murmurs o’er its bed,  
The wanton zephyrs kiss its breast,  
Bid the green bulrush bend its head,  
And sigh through groves in foliage dress’d;  
While Cynthia, from her silver horn,  
Throws magic shades o’er EVENING’s vest;  
Sheds smiles upon the brow of Night,  
Not dazzling, like Day’s shower of light,  
But soft as dew, which mocks the sight  
Till seen to sparkle on the thorn.

‘ ‘Tis then the hour for sober thought,  
To leave this little world behind;  
To traverse paths which Newton taught,  
And rove the boundless realms of mind;  
Till Pride reluctant lifts the mask,  
And shows the boasting mortal blind;  
Then the warm soul, intent to stray,  
Would joyful shake its clogs away,  
And, bursting from its bonds of clay,  
Pursue its glad, progressive task.’

Like many other poets, he has forsaken the muse at the end of the book, in strains which show he is yet on good terms with her. From his valedictory address we take the following passages, and conclude with the hope that a more prosperous fortune may afford him the opportunity and disposition to improve the talent with which he is gifted.

‘ In life’s fair morn, when sunshine warm’d the scene,  
And fairy hopes danced o’er the laughing green,  
His infant Muse essay’d the artless strain,  
On Charles’s bank, or Newton’s verdant plain;  
Gave him her lyre, and taught his hand to play,  
While flattering Echo chanted back the lay.

‘ Pleased, like a child, he fondly thought ’twas Fame,  
Ambition kindled, and he sought the dame;  
Unknowing where her lofty temple stood,  
He pierced the grotto and explored the wood;  
But vain the search, in meadow, vale, or hill,  
The air-form’d phantom flew, but answer’d still,  
Till tired Experience proved the sylvan scene  
Held not the temple of ambition’s queen.

‘ With fond regret he left the calm retreat,  
Where Nature’s charms in sweet disorder meet,  
Diversified with meadows, groves, and hills,  
And Charles’s thousand tributary rills—  
Left rustic joys, to court the city’s smile,  
And woke the strain in Beauty’s cause awhile—  
He sung of love—a minstrel’s sweetest dream,  
And sung sincerely—for he felt the theme;  
His soul was pour’d in every amorous tone—  
An angel heard, and answer’d with her own.

‘ Then Fame, adieu! no more he courts your charms;  
Welcome, Retirement take him to your arms;  
Here, gentle Muse, he gives you back the lyre,  
Whose tones could once his youthful bosom fire.  
That lyre shall sleep, nor breathe a tone again,  
Till scenes celestial claim the glowing strain;  
Till realms eternal burst upon the view,  
And animate the wondering bard anew.  
Till then, farewell! He follows Fame no more;  
But spurns the shrine at which he knelt before—

Let Poverty prepare her bitterest draught,  
 And Malice barb his most inveterate shaft—  
 The troubled dream of life will soon be o'er;  
 And a bright morning dawn to fade no more.'

2. *The Art of Domestic Happiness*, and other poems. By the Recluse, author of the Independency of Mind Affirmed. Pittsburgh: published by Robert Patterson, 1817.

If ever it be true that a residence among the more sublime works of nature, has a tendency to create a spiritual and poetic turn of mind, it would indubitably be the case in our own country, and especially in that part of it which appears to contain the dwelling of 'the Recluse.' The old world offers nothing to compare with it, and other circumstances supposed to be most favourable to the exercise of the poetic talent, solitude, namely, and exemption from the cares and bustle of the world, may be enjoyed on our mountains and in our vallies in the fullest odour. In the history also, and manners of the wild race who recently occupied that section of the republic from which our author now dates, there may surely be found subjects for the display of poetic genius, little if at all inferior to those of the gypsies, the beggars, and banditti, upon the basis of which the 'Mighty unknown' has erected his imperishable works. Notwithstanding all these advantages, however, 'The Recluse of Locust Ridge' is as dull a matter of fact person, as either of that numerous tribe who write imitations of Scott and Byron, among the 'fumum opes strepitumque urbis'. He is rather an imitator of Pope indeed, than of any more modern versifier, and having it seems somewhat of a metaphysical turn, has borrowed many of the ideas as well as expressions of the *Essay on Man*. We are told in the preface that 'His mind has for some years been persuaded that a general reformation of sentiment throughout Christendom is going on;' and we are given to understand that his productions will 'find a place in the common bundle of those causes which are to effect the universal amelioration of the human character'. Whatever respect may be entertained for his intentions, we fear his poetry is not calculated to produce any very important improvement in the fortunes of our species. He seems rather to be troubled with some weighty ideas which he cannot conveniently bring forth. From his place of residence, and the title he has given himself, we presume that he is acquainted with the effects of a vegetable diet upon the physical system. We would strenuously urge him to pursue a similar course in his mental banquets; namely, to confine himself to things easy of digestion, and such as do not require the aid of a cathartic, in which case we shall probably not meet with such lines as the following:

'Thus much premised, the following hints may seem  
 To be conformable to Nature's scheme.  
 In social intercourse the most minute  
 Attention is required to bring forth fruit.'

'High flavoured, rich agreeable to the sight!  
 Smooth to the touch, and sweet to the appetite!'

Hence small neglects become no less offence  
To common decency than common sense." p. 12.

Johnson once said of Shakspeare,

‘ And panting time toiled after him in vain.’

Which our author has improved into

—————‘ The chief, whose language trips  
The heels of praise that gasping falls  
And at respectful distance bawls!!’ p. 134.

We can find room for no more than the first stanza of a pathetic elegy on one Eliakim Garretson, *clarum et venerabile nomen*.

‘ And shall not I that also knew  
The amiable Eliakim,  
His memory with my tears bedew,  
And wreath a cypress dole for him?’ p. 296.

3. *The Miscellaneous Poems of The Boston Bard.* Philadelphia: 1818.

Many of the effusions of the ‘Boston Bard’ (as he styles himself,) have we believe appeared in the newspapers, and met with considerable approbation. To judge from the laudatory tributes of his poetical correspondents, several of which are modestly inserted in the volume, we should suppose that a star of no ordinary brilliancy had appeared above the horizon. There is little, however, in these poems above the common run of newspaper poetry. The author displays considerable power of versification, but his ideas have no great originality or merit. The religious and national feelings which are inculcated throughout, are very creditable to him; and deserve higher praise than we fear his poetry is entitled to. The following is perhaps the best piece in the book.

‘ Victor, what avails the wreath  
That erst entwined thy brow?  
Alas! those flowers no longer breathe,  
For death hath laid thee low!  
And what avails the storied urn  
That blazons forth thy fame?  
That sculptured vase to dust shall turn—  
Oblivion blot thy name.

‘ What too avails those scars so deep,  
Received in battle-fray?  
“ THEY’RE PROOFS OF VALOUR!” — TIME shall sweep  
Thy VALOR’S PROOFS away!  
And what avails the minstrel’s song  
That sounds thy praises forth?  
The minstrel’s head shall rest ere long  
Upon the lap of earth.

‘ AVARICE, what avails thy dreams  
Of happiness in gold?

Thy funeral torch already gleams—  
 Thy days on earth are told:  
 What now avails thy hoarded wealth?  
 Is it with thee inurned?  
 No—“ Naked from the earth you came,  
 And naked have returned.”

‘ BEAUTY, what avails the rose  
 That decks thy dimpled cheek?  
 Age on thy head shall strew his snows,  
 And death his vengeance wreak:  
 And what avails thy form so fair,  
 Or eyes so dazzling bright?  
 That form shall waste ‘neath sullen care—  
 Those suns shall set in night.

‘ But, blest RELIGION! much avails  
 THY HOPE OF BLISS IN HEAVEN;  
 For though thy barque, by adverse gales,  
 On death’s dark shore be driven,  
 Still thou canst smile! thy steady eye  
 Can pierce the cheerless gloom,  
 And view, through dark futurity,  
 The DAY SPRING OF THE TOMB.’

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ART. V.—*Notoria; or Miscellaneous Articles of Philosophy, Literature, &c.*

TASSO.

*From Hobhouse’s Illustrations of 4th Canto of Childe Harold.*—The author of the *Jerusalem*, when he was at the height of his favour at the court of Ferrara, could not redeem the covering of his body and bed, which he was obliged to leave in pledge for 13 crowns and 45 lire on accompanying the cardinal of Este to France. This circumstance appears from a testamentary document preserved in manuscript in the public library of Ferrara, which is imperfectly copied in the life of Tasso, and the following letter is extracted from the same collection of autographs as a singular exemplification of what has been before said of princely patronage.

*My Magnificent Lord,—*I send your lordship five shirts, all of which want mending. Give them to your relation; and let him know that I do not wish them to be mixed with the others; and that he will gratify me by coming one day with you to see me. In the mean while I wait for that answer which your lordship promised to solicit for me. Put

your friend in mind of it. I kiss your lordship’s hand. Your faithful servant,

TORQUATO TASSO.

From S. Anna, the 4th of Jan. 1585.

If you cannot come with your relation, come alone. I want to speak to you. And get the cloth washed in which the shirts are wrapped up.

To the very Magnificent Lord, the Signor Luca Scalabrino.

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ALFIERI.

The poet Alfieri, was one evening at the house of the Princess Carignani, and leaning, in one of his silent moods, against a sideboard decorated with a rich tea-service of china, by a sudden movement of his long loose tresses, threw down one of the cups. The lady of the mansion ventured to tell him that he had spoilt her set, and had better have broken them all; but the words were no sooner said, than Alfieri, without replying or changing countenance, swept off the whole service upon the floor.

*Ibid.*

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COUNT PEPOLI.

Count Alexander Pepoli, who inher-

ited the wealth and the name of that powerful family, which, during the middle ages, made themselves masters of Bologna, and alarmed the princes of Italy, was the cotemporary, and, it may be said, the rival of Alfieri. He wrote tragedies, he wrote comedies: both the one and the other were applauded on the stage; both the one and the other now slumber in the libraries. He aspirered to the invention of a new drama, which he thought Shaksperian, and which he called *Fisedia*—a compliment to our poet, and a tacit reproof to all other writers for the stage, from *Æschylus* downwards. His *Representation of Nature* pleased both the people and the actors, but never came to a second edition. Like Alfieri, he also was passionately fond of horses, and he was bolder than our poet, for he drove a Roman car, a *quadriga*, at full gallop over the ascents and descents of the Apennines. He built a theatre for the representation of his own tragedies; he founded the magnificent printing press at Venice, from which, under the name of the *Tipografia Pepoliana*, have issued many works, and particularly several editions of the Italian historians. His daily occupations were divided, with a scrupulosity which they hardly merited, between his studies, his horses, and his table. His guests consisted of men of letters, of buffoons, of people of fashion, and of parasites. His nights were devoted to the pursuits of gallantry, in which he was sufficiently successful; for he was handsome and he was rich. His amours were occasionally postponed for his billiards, at which he lost large sums of money, in the pursuit of an excellence which he would fain have attained at all games of skill. His great ambition was to be the first *runner* in Italy, and he died in 1796, before he was forty, of a pulmonary complaint, which he had caught in a footrace with a lacquey. He merits a place in this memoir, not for the brilliancy of his compositions, but for the shade of relief which they furnish to the similar and successful efforts of Alfieri. *Ibid.*

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FORMER APPROACHES TO THE NORTH  
POLE.

Colonel Beaumont, in his edition of the work of the Hon. Daines Barrington, upon the possibility of approaching the North Pole, after recording, at some length, the different latitudes which are

said to have been reached by navigators referred to, recapitulates them as follows, taking credit for nearly a degree to the northward of their several situations, because the blink or glare of the packed ice is distinguishable at this distance when the weather is pretty fair.

	Deg.	Min
Captain John Reed - -	80	45
Captain Thomas Robinson (for three weeks) - -	81	
Captain John Phillips - -	81 odd min.	
James Hutton, Jonathan Wheatley, Thomas Ro- binson, John Clarke (four instances) - -	81	30
Captains Cheyne and Thew (two instances) - -	82	
Clymy and David Boyd (two instances) - - - -	82 odd min.	
Mr. George Ware - -	82	15
Mr. John Adams and James Montgomery (two instan- ces) - - - -	83	
Mr. James Watt, Lieuten- ant R. N. - - - -	83	30
Five ships in company with Hans Derrick - - -	86	
Captain Johnson and Dr. Dallie (two instances, to which, perhaps, may be added Captain Monson as a third) - - - -	88	
Relation of the two Dutch Masters to Captain Goul- der - - - -	89	
Dutch relation to Mr. Grey	89	30
European Magazine.		

—  
LORD RENDLESHAM.

He is the grandson of the celebrated London banker, Thelusson, who died in 1797, and who, after having deducted an immense sum from his fortune, for the benefit of his widow and her children, disposed of the remainder, amounting to 876,000*l.* sterling in the public funds and in the purchase of estates, ordering that it should accumulate, and that it should be applied in the same manner, until the time that his great grandson, having arrived to the age of thirty years, should be put in possession of it. In default of this, the property goes to the state of Great Britain. According to these arrangements, it will be the son of the present Lord Rendlesham who will be called to these immense possessions. Lady Rendlesham has been pregnant. As may be suppo-

sed, this event gave rise to the most auspicious hopes, but they were disappointed. Supposing that the wishes of her family will be realized within another year, and adding to that thirty years of minority, which the son must complete, it is calculated, that the income, together with the interest of his property, will amount to the enormous sum of 162 millions of francs (about seven English millions.)—*Ibid.*

#### NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

M. Marstrand of Copenhagen, celebrated for his mechanical inventions, is said to have invented a new musical instrument called the *Harpinella*. It is in the form of a lyre, is smaller than the common guitar, and yet equal in tone to the harp. By a very simple piece of mechanism, the semitones are made with the same facility and precision as on the pedal harp. *Journal of Arts.*

#### NEW HARPOON.

A new harpoon has been invented by Mr. Robert Garbutt, of Kingston upon Hull, for the Greenland fishery; calculated to secure the whale in the event of the shank of the instrument breaking. The improvement consists in placing a kind of preventer made fast to the eye of the foregager, which passing along the shank of the harpoon, is attached to the thick part of it in such a manner as neither to lessen its strength nor impede its entrance when the fish is struck. *Ibid.*

#### MACHINE TO SWEEP CHIMNIES.

Mr. C. Carr, of Paddington, has constructed a machine to sweep chimnies, which appears to possess great advantages. It is complete of itself, requiring no chain, pulley, or other appendage in the chimney, and will sweep very clean as well in horizontal as perpendicular flues. If the flue be angular, having one or more bends, the person who uses it can ascertain the direction in which the angle goes off, and can turn the head of the instrument the proper way. There is a means also of ascertaining when the head of the instrument has reached the top of the chimney, so that no danger of thrusting off the iron smoke cowls is incurred. It works in a very cleanly manner entirely from below, and can easily be made fire proof when necessary. *Ibid.*

#### AGRICULTURE.

‘Tempus in agrorum cultu consumere dulce est.’

In rural economy, the objects that might be converted to profitable account, are inconceivably numerous and still but imperfectly known, for instance, the blood of the cow is an excellent manure for fruit trees. It also forms the basis of Prussian blue.

*To rid a garden of Caterpillars.*—Taking the advantage of a rainy morning, while the leaves are wet, sprinkle them, especially the under parts, and young shoots, with fine sand. The caterpillars, entangled in the sand, will drop off in apparent agony, and will not return.

Early potatoes may be produced in great quantities, by re-setting the plants, after taking off the ripe and large ones. A gentleman at Dumfries has replanted them six different times this season, without any additional manure, and instead of a falling off in quantity, he gets a larger crop of ripe ones at every raising than the former. His plants have still on them three distinct crops, and he supposes they may continue to vegetate and germinate until they are stopped by the frost. By these means, he has a new crop every eight days, and has had the same for six weeks past.

Rats and mice will immediately quit barns, granaries, &c. wherein is placed the field plant, called dog's tongue, bruised with a hammer.

Black birch will be found a good substitute for mahogany in the furniture of a farm house.

The Argyle or West Highland breed of cattle (from Scotland) are the most profitable for fattening. They should be fattened at about four years old: they are horned, generally black, and weigh when fat about 560lbs. The galloway cattle, from Scotland, are without horns, they are used for draught, and no cattle bring a better price.

It is a good plan to feed the milch cows on the stubble, immediately after harvest, their cream and butter is then uncommonly rich.

*Eighth Lecture of Mr. Hazlitt on the living Poets of Great Britain, delivered at the Surry Institution, London.*

Mr. Hazlitt commenced this lecture with some remarks on the nature of true fame, which he described as not popularity—the shout of the multitude—the idle buzz of fashion—the flattery of favour or of friendship,—but the spirit of a man surviving himself in the minds and thoughts of other men. Fame is not the recompense of the living, but of the dead. The temple of fame stands upon the grave: the flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of those to whom the incense is offered. He who has ears truly touched to the music of fame, is in a manner deaf to the voice of popularity.—The love of fame differs from vanity in this, that the one is immediate and personal, the other ideal and abstracted. The lover of true fame does not delight in that gross homage which is paid to himself, but in that pure homage which is paid to the eternal forms of truth and beauty, as they are reflected in his mind. He waits patiently and calmly for the award of posterity, without endeavouring to forestall his immortality, or mortgage it for a newspaper puff. The love of fame should be, in reality, only another name for the love of excellence. Those who are the most entitled to fame, are always the most content to wait for it; for they know that, if they have deserved it, it will not be withheld from them. It is the award of successive generations that they value and desire; for the brightest living reputation cannot be equally imposing to the imagination with that which is covered and rendered venerable by the hoar of innumerable ages. After further remarks to this effect, and a few words on the female writers of the day, Mr. Hazlitt proceeded to speak of the living poets. He began with Mr. Rogers, whom he described as a very lady-like poet—as an elegant but feeble writer, who wraps up obvious thoughts in a cover of fine words—who is full of enigmas with no meaning to them. His poetry is a more minute and inoffensive species of the Della Cruscan. There is nothing like truth of nature, or simplicity of expression. You cannot see the thought for the ambiguity of the expression—the figure for the finery—the picture

for the varnish. As an example of this, Mr. H. referred to the description of a friend's ice-house, in which Mr. Rogers has carried the principle of elegant evasion and delicate insinuation of his meaning so far, that the Monthly Reviewers mistook his friend's ice-house for a dog-kennel, and the monster which was emphatically said to be chained up in it for a large mastiff dog. Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, the lecturer described as of the same class with the poetry of the foregoing author. There is a painful attention paid to the expression, in proportion as there is little to express, and the decomposition of prose is mistaken for the composition of poetry. The sense and keeping in the ideas is sacrificed to a jingle of words and an epigrammatic form of expression. The verses on the Battle of Hohenlinden, Mr. H. described as possessing considerable spirit and animation; but he spoke of the *Gertrude of Wyoming* as exhibiting little power, or power suppressed by extreme fastidiousness. The author seems so afraid of doing wrong, that he does little or nothing. Lest he should wander from the right path, he stands still. He is like a man whose heart fails him just as he is going up in a balloon, and who breaks his neck by flinging himself out when it is too late. He mangles and maims his ideas before they are full-formed, in order to fit them to the Procrustes' bed of criticism; or strangles his intellectual offspring in the birth, lest they should come to an untimely end in the Edinburgh Review. No writer, said Mr. Hazlitt, who thinks habitually of the critics, either to fear or contemn them, can ever write well. It is the business of reviewers to watch poets, not poets to watch reviewers. Mr. H. concluded his remarks on Campbell by censuring the plot of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, on account of the mechanical nature of its structure, and from the most striking incidents all occurring in the shape of antitheses. They happen just in the nick of time, but without any known cause, except the convenience of the author.

Moore was described as a poet of quite a different stamp,—as heedless, gay, and prodigal of his poetical wealth, as the other is careful, reserved, and parsimonious. Mr. Moore's muse was compared to Ariel—as light, as tricksy, as indefatigable, and as humane a spirit.

His fancy is ever on the wing; it flutters in the gale, glitters in the sun. Every thing lives, moves, and sparkles in his poetry; and over all love waves his purple wings. His thoughts are as many, as restless, and as bright, as the insects that people the sun's beam. The fault of Moore is an exuberance of involuntary power. His levity becomes oppressive. He exhausts attention by being inexhaustible. His variety cloys; his rapidity dazzles and distracts the sight. The graceful ease with which he lends himself to all the different parts of his subject, prevents him from connecting them together as a whole. He wants intensity, strength, and grandeur. His mind does not brood over the great and permanent, but glances over the surfaces of things. His gay, laughing style, which relates to the immediate pleasures of love and wine is better than his sentimental and romantic view; for this pathos sometimes melts into a mawkish sensibility, or crystallizes into all the prettinesses of allegorical language, or hardness of external imagery. He has wit at will, and of the best quality. His satirical and burlesque poetry is his best. Mr. Moore ought not to have written *Lalla Rookh*, even for three thousand guineas, said Mr. Hazlitt. His fame was worth more than that. He should have minded the advice of Fadladeen. It is not, however, a failure, so much as an evasion of public opinion, and a consequent disappointment.

If Moore seems to have been too happy, continued Mr. Hazlitt, Lord Byron, from the tone of his writings, seems to have been too unhappy to be a truly great poet. He shuts himself up too much to the impenetrable gloom of his own thoughts. The *Giaour*, the *Corsair*, *Childe Harolde*, &c. are all the same person, and they are apparently all himself. This everlasting repetition of one subject, this accumulation of horror upon horror, steels the mind against the sense of pain as much as the unceasing sweetness and luxurious monotony of Moore's poetry makes it indifferent to pleasure. There is nothing less poetical than the unbending selfishness which the poetry of Lord Byron displays. There is nothing more repulsive than this ideal absorption of all the good and ill of life in the ruling passion and moody abstraction of a single mind,—as if it would

make itself the centre of the universe, and there was nothing worth cherishing but its intellectual diseases. It is like a cancer eating into the heart of poetry. But still there is power, and power rivets attention and forces admiration. 'His genius hath a demon,' and that is the next thing to being full of the God. The range of Lord Byron's imagination is contracted, but within that range he has great unity and truth of keeping. He chooses elements and agents congenial to his mind—the dark and glittering ocean—the frail bark hurrying before the storm. He gives all the tumultuous eagerness of action, and the fixed despair of thought. In vigour of style, and force of conception, he surpasses every writer of the present day. His indignant apothegms are like oracles of misanthropy. Yet he has beauty allied to his strength, tenderness sometimes blended with his despair. But the flowers that adorn his poetry bloom over the grave.

Mr. Hazlitt next spoke of Walter Scott; whose popularity he seemed to attribute to the comparative mediocrity of his talents—to his describing that which is most easily understood in a style the most easy and intelligible, and to the nature of the story which he selects. Walter Scott, said the lecturer, has great intuitive power of fancy, great vividness of pencil in placing external objects before the eye. The force of his mind is picturesque rather than *moral*. He conveys the distinct outlines and visible changes in outward objects, rather than their 'moral consequences.' He is very inferior to Lord Byron in intense passion, to Moore in delightful fancy, and to Wordsworth in profound sentiment; but he has more picturesque power than any of them. After referring to examples of this, Mr. H. observed, that it is remarkable that Mr. Westall's illustrations of Scott's poems always give one the idea of their being *fac similes* of the persons represented, with ancient costume, and a theatrical air. The truth is, continued he, there is a modern air in the midst of the antiquarian research of Mr. Scott's poetry. It is history in masquerade. Not only the crust of old words and images is worn off, but the substance is become comparatively light and worthless. The forms are old and uncouth, but the spirit is effeminate and fashionable.

This, however, has been no obstacle to the success of his poetry—for he has just hit the town between the romantic and the modern, and between the two, has secured all classes of readers on his side. In a word, said Mr. Hazlitt, I conceive that he is to the great poet what an excellent mimic is to a great actor. There is no determinate impression left on the mind by reading his poetry. The reader rises from the perusal with new images and associations, but he remains the same man that he was before. The notes to his poems are just as entertaining as the poems themselves, and his poems are nothing but entertaining.

Mr. H. now proceeded to speak of Wordsworth, whom he described as the most original poet now living, and the reverse of Walter Scott in every particular,—having nearly all that the other wants, and wanting all that the other possesses. His poetry is not external, but internal; he is the poet of mere sentiment. Great praise was given to many of the Lyrical Ballads, as opening a finer and deeper vein of thought and feeling than any poet in modern times has done or attempted; but it was observed, that Mr. Wordsworth's powers had been mistaken, both by the age and by himself. He cannot form a whole, said Mr. H.;—he wants the constructive faculty. He can give the fine tones of thought drawn from his mind by accident or nature, like the sounds of the Æolian harp; but he is totally deficient in all the machinery of poetry.

Mr. Hazlitt here entered at some length into the origin of what has been called the Lake School of Poetry, and endeavoured to trace it to the convulsion which was caused in the moral world by the events of the French revolution. This, and his concluding remarks on Southey and Coleridge, we omit, partly for want of room, but chiefly on account of the indefinite and personal nature of those remarks.

*Eding. Mag.*

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LAW.

‘The law's delay.’—*Shakspeare.*

A bill was mentioned last week in the court of the vice-chancellor of England, which had been filed in the year 1719, and was reported upon by the master in 1788! The blessings of litigation appear to have been, in the

matter of this bill, most bountifully extended to the parties concerned.

— *Lit. Pan.*

HIGH TREASON.

The following *fracas* happened in a public-house on Tuesday afternoon:—A mechanic, taking a draught of porter, was asked if he had any news, when he replied, that the only thing he had heard was the melancholy death of the physician who had attended the Princess Charlotte. A messenger, sitting with some other persons within hearing of the conversation, now bounced on the mechanic, collared him, and charged him with uttering sedition, and added that the statement was not true. The man was detained nearly two hours a prisoner. They at last relented so far as to offer him his liberty if he would give them a gill or two of whisky. The mechanic was not disposed to accept of his release on such terms, and was then escorted prisoner to the procurator-fiscal's office. Here the messenger charged the prisoner with having said that the doctor who had killed the princess had shot himself. The mechanic, therefore, was guilty of sedition. The public prosecutor, of course, made the man be forthwith released. *Glas. Chr.*

*Anecdote of Franklin from the Letters of Dr. Lettsom.*—I passed one day with Dr. Franklin at Spithead, with Sir J. Banks and the late Dr. Solander, (one of the most pleasant men I ever met with) when they went to smooth the water with oil.—Lord Loughborough was of the party. I remember there was but little conversation, except from Solander, and a laughable scene between an officer on board the ship and Dr. Franklin, on the properties of thunder and lightning. The officer continually contradicted the Doctor with saying, ‘Sir, you are quite wrong in your opinion. Dr. Franklin says so and so; the Doctor and you are quite contrary in your ideas. I never will allow, Sir, that Dr. F. is wrong. No, Sir; I am sure he is right, and you are wrong, begging your pardon.’ The Doctor never altered a feature at the conversation. All the company enjoyed a laugh except the disputants.

*Lit. Pan.*

*Modern Hermit.*—Some years ago, Mr. Powyss, of Mortham near Preston, in Lancashire, England, advertised a

reward of an annuity of 50*l.* for life to any man who would undertake to live seven years under ground, without seeing any thing human, and to let his toe and finger nails grow, with his hair and beard, during the whole time. Apartments were prepared, under ground, very commodious, with a cold bath, a chamber organ, as many books as the occupier pleased, and provisions from Mr. Powyss's own table. Whenever the recluse wanted any refreshment he was to ring a bell, and it was provided for him. Singular as this residence may appear, an occupier offered himself, and actually staid in it, observing the required conditions, for four years.

*Ibid.*

**Improvements in England.**—The progress which the illumination from coal gas is making, not only in the metropolis, but in various provincial towns, and the perfection to which the apparatus is now brought, cannot be considered among the least of the improvements of the present day.

To these may be added, the improvements in fire arms, derived from the patents of Messrs. Manton, Paulli, and Sartoris, the latter of whom have applied the heat obtained from the condensation of air, to fire the charge, instead of flint and steel. Adie's alteration of the barometer, by which it is rendered completely portable; the improvement of Bramah's lock, by which the most perfect security is obtained; the kaleidoscope of Dr. Brewster, for assisting imagination of artists, in producing regular forms in a manner almost magical. *Journal of Sciences.*

**Manufacture of Calomel.**—The following process for the wholesale preparation of this important article of the *Materia Medica* is confidently recommended to the chemical manufacturer.

Prepare an oxy-sulphate of mercury, by boiling twenty-five pounds of mercury with thirty-five pounds of sulphuric acid, to dryness. Triturate thirty-one pounds of this dry salt with twenty pounds four ounces of mercury, until the globules disappear, and then add seventeen pounds of common salt. The whole to be thoroughly mixed, and sublimed in earthen vessels. Between forty-six and forty-eight pounds of pure calomel are thus produced—it is to be washed and levigated in the usual way.

*Ibid.*

#### *Instrument to distinguish Minerals.*

—Dr. Brewster has lately constructed an instrument for distinguishing the precious stones from each other, and from artificial imitations of them, even when they are set in such a manner that no light can be transmitted through any of their surfaces. The same instrument may be employed to distinguish all minerals that have a small portion of their surface polished either naturally or artificially. The application of the instrument is so simple, that any person, however ignorant, is capable of using it.

*Ibid.*

#### *On the Use of Salt in feeding Cattle.*

—Lord Somerville attributes the health of his flock of 203 Merino sheep, which he purchased in Spain, principally to the use which he has made of salt for the last seven years on his farm. These sheep having been accustomed to the use of salt in their native land, his Lordship considered, that in this damp climate, and in the rich land of Somersetshire, it would be absolutely necessary to supply them with it regularly. A ton of salt is used annually for every 1000 sheep; a handful is put in the morning, on a flat stone or slate, ten of which set a few yards apart are enough for 100 sheep. Twice a week has been usually found sufficient. Of a flock of near 1000, there were not ten old sheep which did not take kindly to it, and not a single lamb which did not consume it greedily. Salt is likewise a preventive of disorders in stock fed with rank green food, as clover or turnips, and it is deemed a specific for the rot.

*Ibid.*

**Men of Business.**—The very greatest men of business that the world has yet produced have been distinguished for their predilection to literature. As a statesman, Demosthenes is no less celebrated than as an orator;—Cicero is scarcely more famous as a barrister than as an author;—Milton, in his own day, was more renowned as a practical politician and secretary of state, than as a poet;—Shakspeare was quite as good a theatrical manager as any of his successors;—Sheridan was certainly as able a debater in the House of Commons, notwithstanding his comedies, as the gravest man of business there;—Lorenzo de Medici was as clever a money dealer as Mr. Roschuld, and as success-

ful in the negotiation of foreign loans too, although addicted to 'the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making'; —the late sir William Forbes was quite as good a banker as any in Lombard-street, even while he was writing the *Life of Beattie*; —the great Lord Chatham stood as high with the public, and the merchants of London, as a minister, and yet he did not scruple to amuse his leisure with verses, and even addressed some of his best to Garrick, the player; —Lord Chesterfield was as gay a courtier, and as polished a man of the world as any member of the Regent's court, and yet he has bequeathed no less than three large quartos of classical literature to posterity; —Julius Cæsar cannot be thought inferior to the Duke of Wellington as a soldier, merely because he has written a more intelligible account of his campaigns; —old Frederick of Prussia was as well versed in king-craft as any prince of his own or any other time, notwithstanding his musical and literary compositions; —nor will it ever be objected to the regal talents of Catherine II. of Russia, or Elizabeth of England, that the former wrote plays and the latter was a ballad monger; —Dr. Franklin was not thought the less sensible for his essays, nor has Mr. Vansittart made a worse chancellor of the exchequer for being a party in a religious controversy; —and it is well known that Solomon, the wisest man, was author of the *Canticles*. To multiply instances is unnecessary, for we have convinced our readers sufficiently, that it is absurd or invidious to allege, that, merely because a man has literary predilections, he is therefore unqualified for business. *Monthly Mag.*

**Lamp without a Flame.**—The theory that heat and light are evolved by the transition of a body from the aeriform to the solid state has recently been illustrated by the ignition of platina wire, coiled around the wick of a spirit-lamp, which exhibits heat and light for hours after the extinction of the flame of the lamp, or as long as any of the alcohol remains, by the hydrogen of the alcohol combining with the oxygen of the atmosphere. This **LAMP WITHOUT FLAME** has been exhibited in Dr. Wilkinson's and Dr. Clark's lecture rooms, at Bath and Cambridge; and is now sold by Carey, in the Strand, and other philosophical instrument makers, at six shillings. It evolves a degree of

light not only sufficient to read the smallest characters, but it radiates with the intense splendour of substances undergoing combustion in oxygen gas, and is attended by heat so powerful that the alcohol often takes fire, and the lamp is spontaneously re-lighted within a few seconds after being extinguished. The platina wire ought not to exceed 1-100 part of an inch in diameter. Twelve coils of this wire, (spirally twisted for the purpose round the tube of a tobacco pipe), are half to surround the wick of the lamp, and half to remain elevated above the wick. The wick should be small; and quite loose in the burner of the lamp; and every fibre of the cotton should be placed as perpendicularly as possible. The diameter of the coils should be exactly 3-20 of an inch; they should be as near to each other as possible without touching: those which lie uppermost being closer together than the first spiral coils which rise from the top of the wick. Camphor may be substituted for the alcohol, by introducing a cylinder of it in the place of the wick: the ignition is very bright, and a pleasant odorous vapour then arises from it, instead of the noisome one from the alcohol. The light given out by a lamp so prepared is often too intense to be endured by the sight. A dark passage may be illuminated by it, and paragraphs from newspapers may be read by the light which it affords. *Ib.*

Literature and science are pursued with great activity and zeal in the city of *Casan* in Russia. Its society of 'Friends of the National Literature' celebrates literary anniversaries, and lately instituted a funeral service in honor of the Russian Poet *Dershawin*, whose *Ode to God*, the Emperor of China caused to be translated, splendidly copied, and suspended in his own apartment. The Emperor Alexander has bestowed a pension upon the Poet *Schukowsky* of the same place, of four thousand rubles. Those of his productions held in the highest estimation are his 'Epistle to Alexander,' and his *ode on the ruins of the Kremlin*. The University of *Casan* is organised upon an extensive scale, and supplied with able lecturers in most branches of knowledge. The *names* of some of the professors are not a little formidable for a southern tongue and ear—for instance—*Serewoschtschikow*—*Gorodschaninow*—*Lobatschewsky*, &c.

## GERMANY.

*Extract of a letter from a young American Clergyman abroad, to his friend in Philadelphia.*

MY DEAR SIR—It will perhaps interest you to hear, that a MS. has lately been discovered at Verona, a Codex Rescriptus, which proves to be the Institutions of Caius. Two professors of Berlin, Gæschen, a lawyer, one of the editors of Savigny's Law-Journal, and Bekker, editor of Plato, have gone to transcribe it. When I left Gottingen, they had copied a considerable portion. It was discovered by Niebuhr, the Prussian resident at Rome, (author of a very bold and ingenious work on the Roman History, in which he attempts to show that the traditions of Livy and Dionysius are totally fabulous) in his passage through Verona. The sensation excited by the discovery was very great—Several moot points were already solved out of it, but whether any great light will be shed on the law by it, is doubtful. The MS. is in a bad state, in some portions even twice Rescript, or *dispalimsestus*. Niebuhr also discovered two other disconnected leaves of old Jurists at Verona, one of which had, about seventy years ago, been very imperfectly given by Maffei in the Appendix to his Folio della Grazia, and which by a singular coincidence, had been *eruted* from this theological work, and made the subject of a Program by Humboldt at Leipzic, author of the *Institutiones Historiae Literariae J. Civilis*, at the very time, when Niebuhr sent up to Germany a new and better reading of it. It explains one passage in Cicero, hitherto misunderstood, and furnishes to the word *Prescriptio* a technical signification hitherto unknown, viz. (that of a sort of Proces-verbal of the cause, before it went to the Pretor.) Another very important discovery, connected with this only in the circumstance of its being made in a Codex Rescriptus, was mentioned to me lately at Heidelberg, and is now confirmed. I there heard that Mai, the librarian at Milan, the arch-discoverer, had found the remaining portion of the New Testament, in the Gothic translation of Ulphilas, and some portions of the Old. You may, perhaps, have wandered far enough into biblical criticism to know, that the Codex Argenteus at Upsala of the Gospels in this translation, was till now supposed to be the only relic of the good old Gothic bishop's labour; from

this MS. the edition of Ihre was published. This discovery, should it be confirmed, will not only be of vast importance to the criticism of the New Testament, as this is one of the oldest versions, but it will probably throw great light on the Gothic language, the venerable mother of our own. Indeed I have lately found it asserted, in the work of a young German here, of the name of Bopp, called 'System of Conjugation of the Sanskrit language, compared with that of the Greek, Latin, Persian and old German languages'—that the Gothic is near allied to the Sanskrit. He even says, 'I seem to be reading Sanskrit, when I read the venerable Ulphilas. His language stands about in the middle between Sanskrit and German, and he uses many genuine Indian words, which we have lost.' This young Bopp having received his first education at Aschaffenburg, has been preparing himself the last five years at Paris, to go to India, and pursue the study of Sanskrit literature there.

I had a fellow student at Gottingen, a very countryman of Homer, whose first breath was drawn  $\chi\mu\omega\ \epsilon\iota\iota\ \pi\alpha\sigma\tau\alpha\tau\omega\sigma\omega$  that was sent out for ten years to Europe, and is destined to a Professorship at the school in Scio, which is very flourishing. I made a journey with this Greek to Holland, in the Spring of 1816, and there was a reunion in the study of old Mr Wyttenbach, such as has perhaps seldom happened. Wyttenbach himself, the patriarch of classical literature, Professor Gaisford of Oxford; this countryman of Homer, and myself, professor of Greek in a land, which notwithstanding the many cities he saw, Homer never dreamed of. Wyttenbach introduced us in Latin—I wished, to complete the scene, it had been Greek.

When I was in Wittenberg, which, in spite of all chronology, every one who reads Shakspeare in his mother tongue, has a right to venerate as the school of Hamlet and Horatio, I could not but mourn over the desolation that was there. War and negotiation—the one walking in darkness, and the other wasting at noon-day, have completed the ruin of the University of Luther and Melancthon, and the city that contained it. The roof of the church where these great men repose, is pierced by the bombs, which the Crown Prince of Sweden—to amuse the hours

of his inactivity—threw into it. I went to Luther's cell, as all that come within any distance do, and saw there the chalked name of Peter the Great, written, you recollect, by himself. It is now glazed over to protect it.—A mile or two from the town is Luther's spring, to which he used, in the summer days to resort, and which is also the object of pilgrimage to all, who pass by. Just out of the gate of the city is shown the spot, where he burned the Propositions of Tetzel, exclaiming as he threw the pamphlet into the fire, "Em schandbuch sonder Gleich," a book unrighteous beyond compare. The 18th of October last, the third jubilee of the Reformation of Luther was celebrated at the Wartbourg, by a convocation of one or two Professors, and about four hundred students, from the various universities in North Germany. The Wartbourg is an old castle near Eisnach, in the dominions of the grand duke of Weimar, where Luther on his return from Worms was confined by his friend, the Elector of Saxony, who did not care to espouse his cause openly, and wished nevertheless to protect Luther. Here he lived some time, and composed a part of his translation of the Bible.

I am glad to say, that the festival of the Reformation was, in many parts, celebrated with dignity and spirit. In many parts of Prussia, of Hessa, and I believe, in all Nassau, the Lutherans and Calvinists partook the Eucharist together, and there are not wanting writers, who seriously propose the union of both with the original mother church. But you know what proposals of union between parties mean, that the others should come over and join us.

I know not whether you feel an interest in the far-famed and suspected new school of German theology. In a philosophical light, the revolutions in the science of theology in Germany, in the last fifty years, are a very curious object of reflection. Almost all the positions of the deistical writers in England and elsewhere, have by professors of theology, been tacitly assumed and defended, with a mass of learning, an ingenuity, and a diligence, such as orthodoxy, in her most faithful days, has hardly displayed. I thought of this, as I lately visited the tomb of Bossuet—could he have lived to see it, the history of the

Variations would have gained a chapter of louder remonstrances than any it now contains. One of the most remarkable works of the new school appeared last Easter, from the pen of its most distinguished founder, Mr. Eichorn. It contains, with the least ostentation of learning, the result of researches of all kinds of the profoundest erudition. It is the first volume of a translation of the Prophets, without a critical commentary, and with only sufficient illustrations from history, to render the text intelligible. He goes upon the principle, that the Prophetic Works are a sacred anthology, of which the integral parts were composed at different periods, and referred by those, who collected them to a few prominent names, in the earlier literature of their country. It is the object therefore, in this translation, to analyse the various books, and refer the separate oracles to the various periods, at which he supposes them to have been composed. Thus, in the book of Isaiah, he finds a chronology of over two hundred years. It is the introduction to the Old Testament of this very distinguished man, which has done most toward the foundation of the new school in Germany—England and America, are safe enough from the influence—good or bad—of this work and others of the same stamp, by their being locked up in the German language: a few will read them, but not enough to affect the mass, and no attempt to publish a translation would succeed. The late learned Dr. Geddes, of the Catholic communion in England, attempted it, but no bookseller would engage in the speculation. In fact, German literature, if you will permit me to revert to a position contained in my former letter, finds no sympathy in England: and whenever it is spoken of, it is like a thing disliked, and at the same time unknown. The English journals talk still of Wolfius and Vossius, which is as if the French journals should speak of Elmsleius, Gaisfordius, and Monkius. Whereas in Germany all foreign literature is cultivated now, with as much zeal as sixty years ago, before they had a literature of their own—The Germans are even fond of Shakspeare, and think they understand him better than the English. It is true, as their language has preserved some words, which we, since Shakspeare's time, have lost, they comprehend a few obsolete phra-

ses, more readily than an Englishman, unacquainted with the language in its ancient form. But as it is impossible for a person to feel thoroughly the last niceties of any foreign language, so Shakspeare is perhaps of all others, the author where most of these niceties occur; because in all cases they spring, not from the cultivation of a language in the hands of the critics, but from the peculiarities it has unconsciously assumed in actual life: and every one knows that it is this language of actual life, which Shakspeare has, more than all others, caught up.—A new translation of Shakspeare is announced by the *Vossii*, (I thank our English brethren, for authorizing me to use this convenient plural) father and sons. I saw lately at Heidelberg in MS. that portion of it which is to be given by the former. This veteran translator—himself a poet of no ordinary merit, informed me that he had, in many cases, restored to verse, what the unfortunate editors had made prose, and discovered long passages, which the editions have unmercifully given as the latter, where the rythmus is unbroken. This is very probably true, for with all our veneration for Shakspeare, it must be owned that the sweet bard has left us many a passage, which authorizes the definition of poetry; ‘Lines beginning with a capital letter,’ and which it would do well to place by the side of the first lines of Milton’s Sonnet to the lady Margaret Ley. With respect to Mr. Voss’ translation of Shakspeare, it remains to be seen, whether it will equal Mr. Schlegel’s, which, as might be expected from one so deeply versed in Shakspeare, as his lectures show him, is certainly admirable. A branch of study now pursued in Germany with great zeal, and which we know hardly by name at home, is archaeology. The Germans use this term for the history and explanation of ancient art, and I spell it with an *Æ* instead of an *AI*, *meo periculo*.—This study, you know, as a science, is of German origin, and not known in Europe till the *Abbe* Winckelman, (as they call him in the mother country) published his history of the ancient art. This, with all the works of Winckelman, has lately appeared in a new edition at Dresden, with an admirable commentary by Mr. Meyer of Weimar, who, in his long residence in Italy, thoroughly qualified himself for

the task:—A History of Architecture is also expected from Mr. Hirt of Berlin, equally prepared, by a sixteen years residence, at the eternal city, for a work of this nature. His *Mythological Picture-Book* has long gained him the credit of a very skilful amateur in this department. Would one become an amateur himself, I would counsel him, next to going to Italy, to make a pilgrimage to Dresden—where Winckelman imbibed the first nourishment of his enthusiasm—and attend the lectures of Mr. Bættiger, in the Hall of Antiques, in that beautiful city.—I have yet met with nothing abroad, that gave me a deeper impression of the rich resources of European instruction, than the lectures I heard from this most learned and amiable man, in the hall of the Japan palace, surrounded by the monuments themselves of ancient art. You know that in this gallery are contained the vestals, improperly so called, which led to the discovery of the ruins of Herculaneum, and are the noblest fragments of antiquity (if we except perhaps the rolls, of which the worth is again sub judice) which these ruins have yielded. When Bonaparte walked through the principal hall of the library at Dresden; which is also in the Japan Palace, surveyed the beautiful landscape from its windows, which look down on the banks of the Elbe, within the distance of a few rods, with delightful gardens between, and cast his eyes on the colonade of two and twenty splendid yellow marble pillars, which lines the hall, he is said to have exclaimed, ‘it is too fine’, and to have added, that ‘Paris and Dresden are the only two cities, where the muses dwell in palaces.’ He had not perhaps been informed, that the Gallery of Paintings, which certainly surpasses any transalpine gallery, and contains the Madonna of Sixtus V. was in the former Electoral Stables. The Dresden library contains one thing, which ought to interest us, a Mexican MS. described in Humboldt’s *Atlas Pittoresque*. \*\*\*

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*Interesting works lately printed or announced in England.*

Nightmare Abbey, by the author of Headlong Hall.

A Treatise on the Law of Merchant Ships and Shipping, by Francis L. Holt.

Journal of a visit to South Africa, in 1816, by the Rev. C. I. Latrobe.

An Essay on Spanish Literature, containing its history down to the present time.

A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages, by Henry Hallam, Esq.

The Brownie of Bodsbeck, by James Hogg. Tales in prose.

A Code of Political Economy, founded on statistical inquiries, by Sir John Sinclair.

The Civil and Constitutional History of Rome, from the foundation to the age of Augustus, by Henry Banks, Esq. (long remarkable as one of the most independent and intelligent Members of the British Parliament.)

Lectures on the English Poets, delivered at the Surry Institution, London, by Mr. Hazlitt. (From the specimens which we have read of these Lectures, we infer that they will be replete with original and piquant criticisms.)

Considerations upon the principal events of the French Revolution,—a posthumous work of *Madame de Staél*, in 3 vols. octavo: the English translation executed under the superintendance of the editors, her son and son-in-law. (We have read this work, and found it worthy of *Madame de Staél*'s high reputation. The two first volumes, and a part of the third, were fully prepared for the press by herself, and the remainder is taken literally from her manuscript. The English translation is excellent, and we are glad to find that the work is to be republished in the United States, as it deserves to be in the library of every politician and lover of letters. Eight thousand dollars were given for the copy-right in Paris.)

A Journey through Asia Minor, Armenia, and Koordestan, by Macdonald Kinnier, Esq.

Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern, from the German of Frederick Schlegel.

History of the late war in Spain and Portugal, by Robert Southey. 2 vols. Quarto.

Manual of Chemistry, with a Prefatory history of the Science, for the use of students, by W. T. Brande, Secretary of the Royal Society of London.

The Dramatic work complete, with the Poems of the late Richard B. Sheridan, to which will be prefixed an Es-

say on his Life and Genius, by Thomas Moore, Esq.

Travels in Syria, by I. L. Burckhardt, in 4to.

A copious Greek Grammar, by Augustus Matthiæ, Director of the Gymnasium at Altenburg: translated into English from the German, by E. V. Bloomfield, late Professor of Greek of Emanuel College, Cambridge University. (In all probability the most serviceable Greek Grammar extant.—Bloomfield was inferior to no Hellenist of Great Britain; and Matthiæ has the highest reputation throughout Germany.)

Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, by Lucy Aikin.

Greenland and other poems, by Mr. Montgomery.

Travels in Egypt, Nubia, and the Holy Land, by Captain Light. 4to.

Narrative of a voyage to Algiers, comprising Biographical Sketches, Observations, &c.—By *Signor Pananti*, translated from the Italian; with notes by Edward Blaquiere, Esq. Quarto. (This *Signor Pananti* published his work—in 2 vols. octavo,—in Florence, 1817, and had, as it would appear from the French Journals, passed but one day on the coast of Barbary—in confinement.)

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto 4th, by Lord Byron. (As this work is already in the hands of all the lovers of poetry, we have made no extracts but in the few short passages with which we have illustrated the text of our article on Italy. There will be, we think, but one opinion as to the superiority of the 4th Canto of the Pilgrimage, not only over the preceding ones, but over all the other productions of the same pen. It is not free of the usual faults of Lord Byron's manner; it is tinctured with his characteristic extravagance; but it has overpowering splendors of genius, and exquisite beauties of versification. We can speak of it here only in these general terms of admiration, knowing that it will be completely analyzed, and its particular merits fully emblazoned by the British Journals. It is much to be lamented that the poet did not extend his pilgrimage to the extremity of the Italian peninsula, and exert his unrivalled powers upon the objects which the Neapolitan states present; objects not inferior as themes, for his 'muse of

fire," to those which he has invested with a new enchantment and sublimity in his fourth Canto.

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**Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, containing Dissertations on the Ruins of Rome, and An Essay on Italian Literature.** By John Hobhouse, esq. [This volume constitutes a valuable appendage to lord Byron's poem, but the principal part of it, relating to Italian antiquities, will not, however curious and ingenuous,—prove very interesting to general readers. For them, the most attractive and best of its contents is the Essay on Italian Literature, which ought, we think, to be reprinted in this country, separately, with a translation of the Italian quotations. We were much disappointed at finding this Essay so limited in its scope. The author acknowledges that 'little has been done in comparison of what remains to do,' and subjoins, that 'on the reception of what is now offered will depend whether any thing more shall be attempted.' We cannot doubt but that, as a fragment, it will be received with the highest favour, and inspire a general wish for the speedy appearance of the complete treatise which he has in view. He has evidently bestowed more care upon the composition of this Essay, than upon any of his literary performances; and in treating only of the lives and works of six of the later Italian poets, he has generalized, not indeed, 'so as to furnish a general notion of the state of literature in Italy during the last fifty years,' but so as to display the state of *poetry*, and in some degree of morals, for that period.]

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**Memoirs of the late Granville Sharp, esq.** is preparing for the press, composed from his own MSS. and other authentic documents, in the possession of his family and the African Institution; comprising a selection of his correspondence with many eminent contemporary characters in England, France, and America.

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**By Dr. E. D. Clarke,** with numerous engravings, Travels through Denmark, Sweden, &c. with a description of Peterburgh, during the tyranny of emperor Paul; being the third and last

part of the author's Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

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 Among the most remarkable of the recent productions of the Parisian press, are the following.

*Treatise upon the Character, Instruments, and Supplies of War; at different epochs of Civilization,* by Carion Nisas. Paris 1817.

*Abridgment of Universal History, Ancient and Modern, for the use of Youth,* by the Count de Sécur of the French Academy. The part of *Ancient History* comprised in sixteen volumes 12 mo. is published, and in our possession. So far it corresponds in the execution, to the fame of the author as a writer and statesman. We should prefer it, for young persons, to any abridgment of *Ancient History* with which we are acquainted. The part of *Modern History* will be included in twenty-eight duodecimos.

*Tactics of Legislative Assemblies, followed by a Treatise on Political Sophisms,* a work digested from the manuscripts of Jeremy Bentham; by Stephen Dumont of Geneva. This is a highly valuable book, prepared from excellent materials, by a writer whose style and method are the reverse of those of Mr. Bentham. If there be an English translation of it, it should be reprinted in this country, and would, we doubt not, soon be deemed indispensable for those who do or may compose our legislative assemblies. We must note, as an extraordinary circumstance, that M. Dumont has overlooked the existence of any such Assembly on this side of the water; and that M. de Sécur has not assigned a distinct station in his *Universal History*, to these United States, but seems to have included the whole American Continent in the history of the nations which colonized it.

*Memoirs of the Duke of la Rochefoucauld published now for the first time from his manuscripts,* 1818.

*Picturesque Travels in North America, with observations on the Political Situation of the United States—on the Religious Sects of the Quakers and Methodists; with an article on the dances of the native Indians of North America.* Published in the Russian language at St. Petersburg, and in

the German at Riga. By Mr. Paul Svinine the companion of General Moreau. Many of our readers may recollect this author as an amiable gentleman skilled in the art of drawing, but seemingly very little qualified to discuss our political institutions. We may be amused with the pictures of his book, but shall probably regret for his sake that he ever passed from his palette to his ink-stand.

*Shipwreck of the American Brig Commerce, lost upon the west coast of Africa.* Translated into French from the English of Captain James Riley. 2 vols. oct. This work has excited a lively interest in Paris.

*Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*, by Wm. Paley. Translated into French from the nineteenth English edition. The French critics remark, in noticing this translation, that there is no example in France of a book of Morals and Politics reaching a nineteenth edition.

*An abridged History of the Treaties of Peace of the European Powers*, since the treaty of Westphalia, continued to the treaties of 1815. by F. Schoell. Prussian counsellor of Legation.

*Views of Men and Society*, by J. B. Say, author of the Treatise on Political Economy. 1818.

*Traité des caractères Physiques des Pierres Precieuses*. By the Abbé Haüry. Paris 1818. This work is celebrated in the Parisian Journals as of the greatest ingenuity and practical utility.

*Hudibras*. A Poem of Samuel Butler Translated into French verse. 3 vols. 12 mo.

*The History of Modern Philosophy*, from the revival of letters, to Kant by J. G. Buhl, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Gottingen, 1817. Translated into French. 7 vols. large octavo.

*Treatise of Elementary, Theoretical, and Practical Chemistry*, by Thénard, Member of the Institute, 2nd edition enlarged, Paris 1818.

*Memoirs of Military Surgery*, by Baron Larrey. 4th volume. Paris 1818.

Last volume of the French translation of the works of Euclid by Peyrard.

*Military Ephemerides*, from 1792 to 1815 by a society of officers and men of letters, for which the two thousand battles fought by the French in a quarter

of a century, furnish the materials. Paris, 1818.

*On the Condition of the Protestants in France from the 16th century to the present time*; by M. Aignan, member of the French Academy. Paris 1818—an important and able work.

*The Complete Works of Bernardin de St. Pierre*, with several inedited pieces. 1818.

*Moral and Political Gallery*, by the Count de Ségur. 1818.

*History of Astronomy, third Quarto Volume*, by M. Delambre, of the French Academy of Sciences. 1818.

*Course of General Literature*, by N. Le Mercier, member of the French Academy, and Professor of the Belles Lettres at the Athenaeum of Paris. 1818.

*History of the Republic of Venice*, by M. Daru, member of the French Academy.

*History of the Inquisition*, drawn from original records of the Supreme Council and inferior Tribunals of the Holy Office, by D. John A. Llorente, former Secretary of the inquisition of Madrid, Chancellor of the University of Toledo, &c. 3 vols. oct —The whole of this important work has appeared in Paris, and the authenticity of its extraordinary details appears to be admitted on all hands. The author had, in his official capacity, access and recourse to the two hundred and fifty folio volumes of manuscripts which he specifies as composing the archives of the Supreme Council, and furnishing a complete history of the institution from its establishment by Ferdinand V, to the reign of Ferdinand VII.

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*Waverley, Guy-Manning*, and the *Antiquary*, have been translated into French, and they are the subject of several elaborate articles of the French Journals. It is difficult to say which are the most ludicrous, the versions themselves, or the criticisms. Translators and critics both grope in the dark, from the impossibility on the part of the one, of rendering, and on the part of the other, of understanding, the language of those admirable novels. The title "Old Mortality" of one of the Tales, has proved an invincible puzzle, and given birth to formal definitions, laughably wide of the mark.

## COMMODORE MACDONOUGH.

[To the readers of this magazine it is unnecessary to recapitulate the circumstances that distinguished the achievement of this gallant officer on Lake Champlain. The merits of a victory which frustrated the advance of a powerful army into our territory, so universally felt, have already been recorded in our pages,\* and are attested by a grateful memorial of its fame, a grant of land, situated upon the bay where the victory was achieved, being voted by the state of New-York, to the Commodore, with a farm commanding a view of the scene of action.

Believing that any illustration connected with this subject will be considered acceptable, we have given, in a vignette, a view of the farm, and are indebted to another hand for the following lines to accompany it.]

THERE is a wreath of gorgeous hue,  
That gathers life from victory's dew;  
Whose leaf immortal verdure wears,  
Unfading in the grasp of years;  
A grace o'er Roman brows it shed,  
And flourish'd where the Spartan led;  
Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,  
Enrich'd by tributary time,  
Where virtue woo'd, or valor won,  
Or lorc its letter'd mazes spun,  
A ravish'd world obey'd its claim  
And bent before the tire of fame.

Since freedom's sacred ray no more  
Breaks on the dwindled Grecian's shore,  
And glory scarce a stone retains  
On humbled Rome's deserted plains,  
That wreath transferr'd from distant spheres,  
Green on Columbia's soil appears,  
Blooming o'er regions widely free,  
The diadem of liberty.

Yes, o'er her wide unconquer'd plains,  
Reviv'd, the Spartan genius reigns;  
The free-born nature, loth to live,  
Shorn of its just prerogative—  
The spirit, soaring, unconfin'd,  
Embellish'd from the mint of mind—  
Courage, enduring as the wave  
Whose snowy surfs her borders lave—  
And manners, undebas'd and free  
From foul, corrupting luxury.  
Her sons, like teeming bulwarks, stand  
The Atrides of their native land;

Biography of Commodore Macdonough.  
VOL. 7. p. 214.

Amorous of peace, yet bold in strife,  
Curst with no avarice of life;  
At glory's call prepar'd to yield  
All save their freedom and the field.  
As Helen lovely, but in fame  
Chaste as the fair Collatian dame,\*  
Like Niobes,† her daughters stand,  
To grace and animate the land;  
Of glorious feat, and daring deed,  
At once the stimulus and meed.

On all the embryo seed of time  
A WASHINGTON shall break sublime;  
Laurels shall shade his honour'd bust,  
And ages own the tribute just.  
But towering, green to later skies,  
See shoots of living genius rise;  
See Liberty's propitious ground  
Teem with unnumber'd heroes round;  
Wide and more wide the line expands,  
From northern to Atlantic strands,  
A bold, unconquerable zone,  
The fortress of a realm's renown.

Where spacious Champlain's liquid stores  
Yield tribute to Canadian shores;  
When pride of pow'r, or lust of prey  
Marshall'd oppression's stern array;  
Ardent for fame, MACDONOUGH stood,  
The rival genius of the flood:  
No coward doubts his soul depress'd,  
But all the hero stood confess'd,  
As swelling o'er the broad expanse,  
He mark'd his threat'ning foe advance,  
And rang'd his scantier force, to dare  
The dangers of th' unequal war.  
Vain o'er the lake's internal sweep  
The hostile thunders shook the deep;  
The blazing air on ev'ry side  
In vain their vivid lightnings plied;  
Bootless the braggart threat that dar'd  
To ravage, 'ere the sword was bar'd,  
And scorn'd the raw, unpractis'd crew,  
It lack'd the vigour to subdue.  
Struck by the mighty hand of heaven,  
The feeble spell of pride was riven,  
And Victory's glowing genius wav'd  
The olive o'er the land she sav'd.

From shelving shore, and wooded height,  
Unnumber'd crowds beheld the fight,  
And saw Columbia's victor ray  
Chase the vain Briton's star away,  
Mark'd the wild menace melt in air,  
And rashness darken to despair.  
But his, the gallant victor's, fame  
The meed of after times shall claim,  
And while a grateful land bestows  
A rich and dignified repose,  
The tuneful bard, the letter'd sage,  
The lights of ev'ry opening age,  
His glory's pilot-stars shall be,  
His guides to immortality.

\* Lucretia. † Niobe was prolific as beautiful.

